

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC



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MR. F. H. BELLEW, the New Baritone, pupil of Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass, will shortly make his FIRST APPEARANCE in OPERA-BOUFFE in London.

MISS KATE SANTLEY'S PROVINCIAL TOUR. In consequence of the unqualified success of Mr. Frederic Clay's new opera, CATTARINA, Miss Santley has decided to prolong her Tour. Unexampled success of Miss Santley's new song, "It is so like the Men." Treble encored in Mr. Clay's new opera, CATTARINA.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S FAREWELL of England, Ireland, and Scotland, previous to his return visit to the United States.

THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, for EIGHTEEN NIGHTS.

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THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—

Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton.—Last Six Nights of **RICHARD CEUR-DE-LION.**—Every Evening at 6.45, TEN OF 'EM. At 7.45, **RICHARD CEUR-DE-LION.**—Mr. James Anderson, Mr. R. Dolman, Mr. W. Terriss, and Mr. Creswick; Miss Wallis and Miss Bessie King. To conclude with **HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.**—F. Evans and Troupe. Prices from 6d. to 5s. Doors open at 6.30. Commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—

Monday, December 14, Mr. JAMES ANDERSON'S BENEFIT; on which occasion will be presented Shakespeare's Comedy, **THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.** Falstaff (first time), Mr. James Anderson. Tickets and places at the box-office, and at Bacon's Hotel, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee and Manager.—**THE TWO ORPHANS,** the most successful Drama of the day. Mr. H. Neville and Miss Fowler as Pierre and Louise. EVERY EVENING at 7.30, **THE TWO ORPHANS.** Preceded at 7 by **TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER.** Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Box-office hours 11 to 5. No fees for booking. Doors open at 6.30.

LYCEUM.—**HAMLET.**—MR. HENRY IRVING.

THIS and EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, **HAMLET.** Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; King, Mr. T. Swinburne; Polonius, Mr. Chippendale; Laertes, Mr. B. Leathes; Horatio, Mr. G. Neville; Ghost, Mr. T. Mead; Osric, Mr. H. B. Conway; Marcellus, Mr. F. Clements; First Actor, Mr. Beveridge; Rosencrantz, Mr. Webber; Guildenstern, Mr. Beaumont; and First Gravedigger, Mr. Compton, &c.; Gertrude, Miss G. Pouncefort; Player Queen, Miss Hampden; and Ophelia, Miss Isabel Bateman. Preceded at 6.50, with **FISH OUT OF WATER.** Mr. Compton. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

HAMLET.—Notice.—**STALL CHAIRS** are now

PLACED in the ORCHESTRA, and specially reserved to accommodate the public by payment at the doors in the evening only. Stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; private boxes, 31s. 6d. to 63s. Seats may be secured one month in advance. Box-office open 10 till 5.—**LYCEUM THEATRE.** Sole Lessee and Responsible Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

GLOBE THEATRE, Newcastle Street, Strand.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. Francis Fairlie.—Continued Success of **EAST LYNNE.** Poole's Burlesque of **HAMLET** nightly received with the utmost enthusiasm. The Drama at 7; the Burlesque at 9. Followed by the farce, **A TRIP TO BRIGHTON.**—Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Places may be secured at the box-office of the Theatre from 11 to 5 daily, and at all the Libraries.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—**LYDIA**

THOMPSON IN **BLUE BEARD,** EVERY EVENING. The acknowledged Success of the Season.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—535th

Night of Farnie's celebrated Burlesque of **BLUE BEARD.** Characters by Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, Edouin, Morris, and Bishop; Mesdames K. Irwin, T. Venn, E. Lynd, Merville, Courtenay, Burns, &c. Preceded at 7.45, by **CLEVER SIR JACOB.** Mr. Lionel Brough. Notice.—To avoid inconvenience and disappointment seats should be secured in advance. Box-office open from 10 till 5; also at all the Libraries.

BLUE BEARD.—**YOU'RE A FRAUD,** nightly

encored five times. Lydia Thompson's artistic and refined acting and singing, the broad humour of Mr. Lionel Brough, the wonderfully extravagant ability of Mr. Willie Edouin, the marvellous Protean changes of Mr. Morris, and the general completeness of the production of **BLUE BEARD** draws all London.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Sole Proprietors and

Responsible Managers, SPIERS and POND. Every Evening at 8, **LES PRES SAINT-GERVAIS,** new Comic Opera in English, by Charles Lecocq. The original French Libretto by MM. Victorien Sardou and P. H. Gille. Adapted by Robert Reece. The piece produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston. Musical Director, Mr. Stanislaus. The Opera commences at 8, and is over by 11 o'clock.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Great Attractions for

the Cattle Show week. On Monday and during the week, at 7, **LEGACY LOVE.** At 7.45, James Albery's admired Comedy, **TWO ROSES.** Concluding with, at 10, revival of the celebrated Classical Burlesque, **ROMULUS AND REMUS,** by R. Reece. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Warner, Edward Righton, Bernard, Lestocq, Austin, and David James; Mesdames Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nelly Walters, Cicely Richards, and Sophie Larkin.—Acting Manager, Mr. D. M'KAY.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor and

Manager, Miss MARIE LITTON.—Every Evening. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30 with **PEACOCK'S HOLIDAY.** Mr. W. J. Hill. At 8.30, **BRIGHTON.** Miss Litton, Mesdames Edith Challis, Rose Egan, Alice Della, M. Davis, and Mrs. Chippendale; Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs. Edgar Bruce, W. J. Hill, Clifford Cooper, C. Steyne, Russell, Bentley, Vincent, &c.—Acting Manager, Mr. Charles Walter.

PHILHARMONIC THEATRE, opposite the Agri-

cultural Hall.—Manager, Mr. SHEPHERD.—Great Attractions for the Cattle Show week.—At 7.30, **THE TWO GREGORIES.** 8.20, **Lecocq's** Great Opera, **GIROFLE-GIROFLA.** Miss JULIA MATHEWS; Mesdames Jenny Pratt, Everard, and Manetti; Messrs. W. H. Fisher, E. M. Garden, J. Murray, and Hollingsworth. Gorgeous costumes; splendid scenery by F. Lloyds. Conductor, Mr. RIVIERE. The only Theatre in which this Grand Opera can be performed. Private Boxes and Fautouils at all the Libraries.

MISS JULIA MATHEWS

will appear as **GIROFLE-GIROFLA,**

Every Evening, at the

PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.—Manager, Mr.

JOHN BAUM.—Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, **LE ROI CAROTTE.** Libretto by Henry S. Leigh. Principal artists: Miss Elsie Weber (her first appearance here), Mdlle. Rose Bell, Lennox Grey, M. Barrie; Messrs. Harry Paulton, Melbourne, Worboys, Clifton, &c. &c.

ALHAMBRA.—Mdlle. Sara in the celebrated Rustic

Quadrille. Grand Spectacle. Magic Effects. Grand Ballets in **LE ROI CAROTTE.** Prices as usual. Box office open from 11 to 11. No charge for booking. On Boxing Night will be produced Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, **WHITTINGTON.**

OPERA COMIQUE.—**IXION RE-WHEEL'D,** by

F. C. Burnand, EVERY EVENING at 9. Preceded at 7, by H. J. Byron's Comedy, **WAR TO THE KNIFE.** Mesdames Amy Sheridan, Bufton, Berend, Bella Goodall, Phillips, Volkins, Stuart, Power, Beverley, Hatherley, and Pattie Laverne, &c.; Messrs. J. D. Stoyke, H. Farrell, R. Temple, Sullivan, and Harry Crouch.—GASTIN MURRAY, Acting Manager.

STRAND THEATRE ROYAL.—Enormous Attrac-

tion. Triumphant success of the new Comedy and the new Bonfionnerie Musicale. The combined success of the season. Every Evening at 7 o'clock, **INTRIGUE.** After which, at 7.20, **OLD SAILORS,** by Henry J. Byron. Followed by, at 9.15, **LOO, AND THE PARTY WHO TOOK MISS.** By H. B. Farnie. Messrs. W. H. Vernon, Grahame, Harry Cox, M. Marius, C. H. Stephenson, H. St. Maur, J. G. Grahame, H. Carter, and Edward Terry; Mesdames Ada Swanbotough, Marion Terry, Lottie Venn, Maria Jones, Mrs. Raymond, and Angelina Claude. Doors open at 6.30. Box-office open daily from 11 till 5. No charge for booking.

SURREY THEATRE.—Last two weeks of **SHIP**

AHOY! and **HAND AND GLOVE.**—In consequence of the stage being required for the production of the great Pantomime, this Theatre will close after Saturday, December 12.

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Manager, W. HOLLAND, the People's Caterer. Special Notice.—Every Evening, **HAND AND GLOVE,** at 7. **SHIP AHOY!** at 9. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Last two weeks.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE.

MISS DOLORES DRUMMOND, the great Australian Actress, and Mr. PENNINGTON, the eminent Tragedian.—**TO-NIGHT (Saturday),** **MACBETH,** and the Comedy of **THE HONEYMOON.**

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—Three minutes from

Edgware Road.—Mr. J. A. CAVE, Lessee and Manager. Mr. J. H. Allen, the great American Tragedian, will play six farewell representations previous to his return to America. First time, **FAUST OF THE RED HAND,** or **THE BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.** Quinten Matsys, Mr. J. Allen, supported by the entire company. After which J. Ryley and Mr. Barnum, the inimitable Dancing Quakers, from the Gaiety. To conclude with **THE VULTURE'S GLEN.** Saturday, **MACBETH,** and last night of performing before Christmas Eve, when the superb Pantomime will be produced.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CALENDAR for Week ending

DECEMBER 21, 1874.

TUESDAY, Dec. 8.—Production of Sheridan Knowles's **LOVE CHASE.** Messrs. C. Wyndham (by permission of Miss Litton), W. H. Stephens, E. Sugden, and E. F. Edgar; Misses Carlisle and Fowler (by permission of Mr. Henry Neville) and Mrs. Stirling.

THURSDAY, Dec. 10.—Repetition of Comedy, **LOVE CHASE.**

SATURDAY, Dec. 12.—Concert. **LACHNER'S SUITE IN C.** Mdlle. Levier, &c.

MONDAY TO FRIDAY, One Shilling; **SATURDAY,** Half a Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-

STREET.—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS of the Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Cockburn, Mellor, and Lush; the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens.—Admission, 1s.; children under ten, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d.—Open from nine a.m. till ten p.m.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, AGRI-

CULTURAL HALL, Islington, London, December 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.—**THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL SHOW OF LIVE STOCK,** Agricultural Implements, Machinery, Roots, Seeds, &c., OPENS on MONDAY, December 7, at 2 o'clock. Admission Five Shillings.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, on

TUESDAY, at 9 a.m. Admission One Shilling.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, on

WEDNESDAY, at 9 a.m. Admission One Shilling.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, on

THURSDAY, at 9 a.m. Admission One Shilling.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, on

FRIDAY (Last Day), at 9 a.m. Admission One Shilling.

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SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.—The

SEVENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL SHOW CLOSING on MONDAY at 7 o'clock; on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, at 9 o'clock.

MR. GEORGE E. FAIRCHILD will give READ-

INGS from the Works of Lord Macaulay, Tennyson, Dickens, Thackeray, Litchfield Moseley, &c., at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, REGENT STREET, W., on THURSDAY next, December 10, at 8 p.m. Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 1s., at St. George's Hall, or of Mr. FAIRCHILD, 45, Great Percy Street, W.C.

FINE ART.—**E. C. HOGAN, 3, ST. MICHAEL'S**

ALLEY, CORNHILL, has on view Choice Specimens of Old WORCESTER, CHLSEA, DRESDEN, and SEVRES CHINA, also a Collection of OIL PAINTINGS by the best Masters, amongst which are three splendid examples of F. R. Lee, R.A., also CHARLES HUNT's last and finest work, entitled "Terms of Peace."

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Mr. JAMES ANDERSON'S benefit at Drury Lane takes place on Monday week, the 14th inst., when *The Merry Wives of Windsor* will be represented, Mr. Anderson sustaining, for the first time, the part of 'Falstaff.'

Mr. CRESWICK'S benefit is fixed for Tuesday week, the 15th inst., when he will appear as 'Hamlet,' for the first time, at Drury Lane.

MISS WALLIS takes her benefit on Wednesday, 16th inst., when by desire *Romeo and Juliet* will be performed, with Miss Wallis as 'Juliet.'

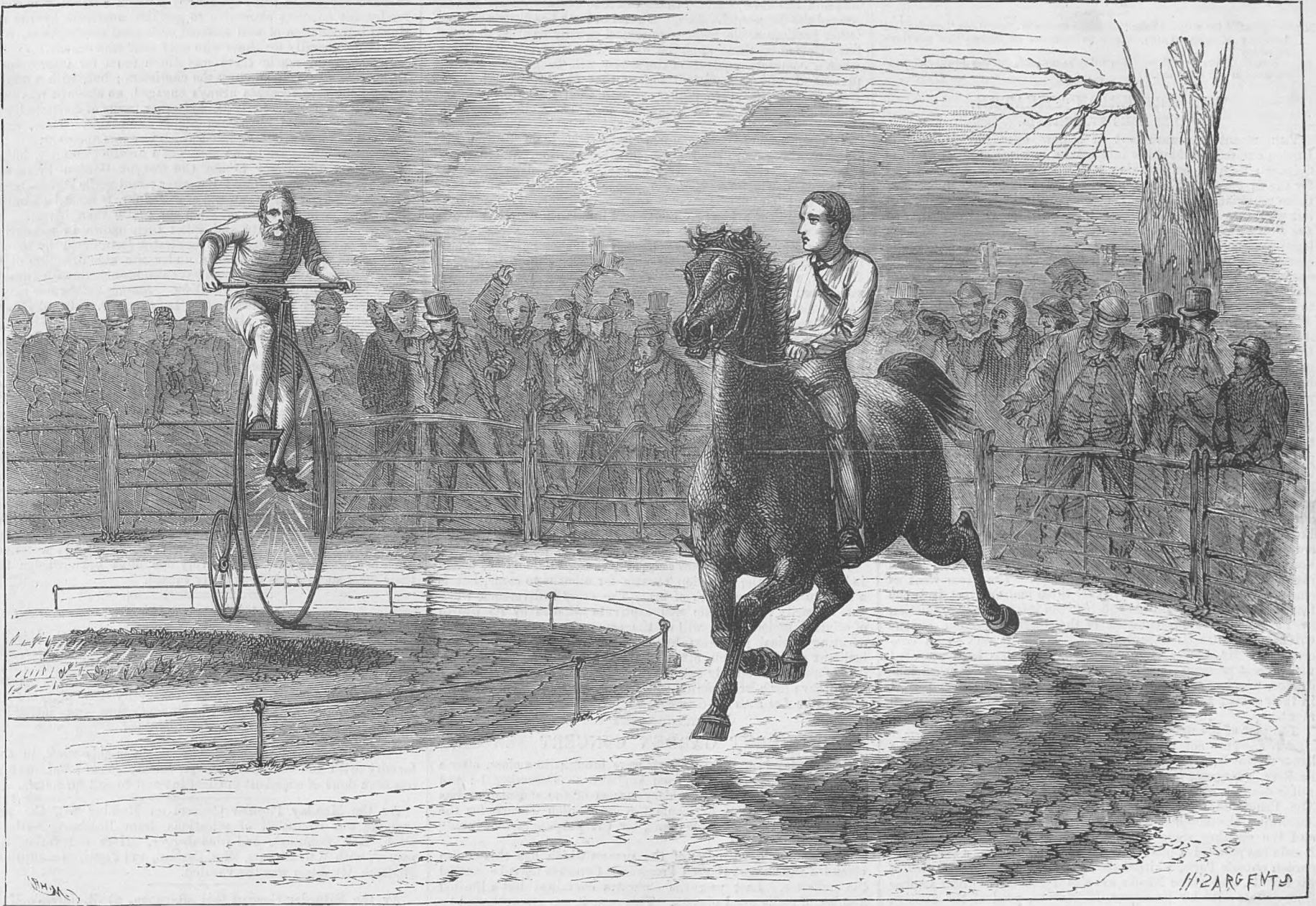
A SPECIAL morning performance of the current attractive programme of the Strand Theatre, *Old Sailors*, and *Loe*; or, *The Party who Took Miss*, will take place next Saturday, the 12th inst.

THE TEDWORTH ESTATE.—Mr. Studd's lease of this estate being about to expire, the property has already been sold, the purchaser being Lord Wolverton. Mr. Studd has several steeplechase horses in training on this ground under the charge of John Atkins, who was previously with Harry Woolcott.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. CHARLES COOTE.—On Monday morning a testimonial, consisting of a massive silver salver, weighing over 100 ounces, and beautifully engraved with musical emblems, and a shield taking the form of a lyre, on which was an inscription, was presented to Mr. Charles Coote (Coote and Tinney's band) by a large number of gentlemen with whom he has been professionally connected for many years. The inscription recorded this fact; and Mr. E. Stanton Jones, who presented the testimonial, mentioned the high esteem in which Mr. Coote was held by all his musical brethren. The presentation was made at the Polytechnic Institution in the presence of nearly 100 gentlemen.

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BICYCLE VERSUS PONY AT HAMMERSMITH

5



SCENE FROM "GREEN OLD AGE" AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

THE CRITERION THEATRE.

LES PRÉS ST.-GERVAIS.

THE recent announcement of a new opera by M. Charles Lecocq excited considerable interest in musical circles; and the Criterion Theatre, on Saturday last, when the work was produced for the first time in England, was attended by a large number of those musicians who are seldom seen at opéra-bouffe performances, but who were doubtless attracted to the first representation of *Les Prés St.-Gervais* by the report that it would prove to be a legitimate comic opera, without any admixture of the bouffe element. These expectations were not disappointed; the new opera has less of the burlesque quality than many of the works of Auber (*Le Cheval de Bronze* for instance); and M. Lecocq appears to have finally quitted opéra-bouffe for genuine art. In his *Cent Vierges* he was a votary of opéra-bouffe. In *La Fille de Madame Angot* he made a decided step in a higher direction. In *Giroflé-Girofla* he almost entirely forsook bouffe writing; and by these gradual transitions he arrived at the purely comic style, as exhibited in *Les Prés St.-Gervais*; which relies for success on the plot and the music, and is entirely devoid of the features which render opéra-bouffe objectionable, from an artistic point of view. It contains no *caneen*, nor any other indecent dance; no vulgar buffoonery; no indelicate toilettes; no appeals to the baser passions. Possibly for these very reasons, the new opera has been less popular with the *blasé* Parisians than its predecessors; but of its great and genuine success on Saturday last, in the presence of an audience which included most of the celebrities in our musical and literary worlds, there was no shadow of doubt. From the commencement to the end of the performance there was a constant tribute of admiration; and it is worthy of note that none of the shortcomings which are usually visible on "first nights" were on this occasion observable. The piece went as smoothly as if it had been played for three months; yet it is the fact that only a fortnight elapsed between its original production in Paris and the presentation of the English version at the Criterion Theatre on Saturday last. Praise is due to all concerned—to Mr. Reece, whose able adaptation has been prepared under great pressure; to Mr. Stanislaus, the clever musical conductor, who has made his vocalists and instrumentalists perfect in their parts; and to Mrs. Liston, for her skilful stage management.

The plot of the new opera is thus described by Mr. Reece:—

Act I.—The act opens in a square in Paris, showing the house of Nicole, a glover, whose wife entertains a weakness for La Rose, a sergeant in the Prince de Conti's corps, and who himself is desirous of being in the good graces of Friquette, a florist. The Prince de Conti is a student of the College d'Harcourt. Angélique, the daughter of Nicole, loves Grégoire, the apprentice, and the opening scene is devoted to their *amour*. Madame Nicole has planned a pic-nic at the Prés St.-Gervais, a sort of tea-garden outside Paris, whither she has asked La Rose and two of his friends, and where Nicole expects Friquette. Conti issuing from college with his preceptor, M. Harpin, head of the dons (a lively contingent of tutors), is so enticed by the simple joy of the promised pic-nic that he determines to run away from his preceptor, and the scene closes with a general movement towards the Prés St.-Gervais.

Act II.—*The Prés St.-Gervais.*—The Nicole family at their pic-nic. La Rose and his friends, much to Nicole's annoyance, join them. Conti, running away, alights upon the pic-nic, and his aristocratic manners move the mirth of the *bourgeois*. He begins to think that he is not so infallible as his tutor has assured him he is. Friquette joins the circle, and rebukes Conti for his slighting opinion of her. While still in amazement at his ill-success, Conti perceives his tutor Harpin, who resorts (with other preceptors) to the Prés St.-Gervais for a little relaxation. Angélique and Grégoire, making love, are surprised by the Nicole family, and Conti again perceives his uselessness; but in attempting once more to pursue Friquette, he stumbles against La Rose, who goads him to a duel, not knowing that Conti is his colonel.

Act III.—Another part of the Prés St.-Gervais. Here the duel between La Rose and Conti takes place, in which Conti is wounded, and the hypocrisy of Harpin is discovered. Conti now begins to gain some commonsense, and apologising to the Nicole family, he endeavours to settle the various disputes raging in their household. His knowledge of the double intrigue of M. and Madame Nicole enables him to obtain their consent to the marriage of Grégoire and Angélique, and announcing himself as the Prince de Conti, he heads the regiment, and the act closes with his conversion to good sense and a general jollity.

This synopsis of the plot hardly does justice to the story. Those who remember Déjazet's charming performance of 'Conti' in the original two-act piece, on which the present three-act opera is founded, will recall with pleasure the graceful art with which she portrayed—what is really the main thing in the piece—the gradual awakening of the Prince de Conti to the fact that nobles are made of no better flesh and blood than untitled mortals; and that the adulation and flattery which is offered to the possessors of titles are apt to blind their commonsense and pervert their *morale*. For lyric purposes it was necessary to lengthen the original piece; but the story is not spoiled by the introduction of the preliminary first act, which is amusing in itself, and serves to introduce each of the *dramatis personæ* in a characteristic manner. The incidents which are abundantly woven into the simple plot are highly amusing, and even were the piece played without music, it could hardly fail to please.

The music is the best which we have yet had from M. Lecocq. Several of the melodies are of the kind which haunt the memory; and although they are almost always above the level of commonplace, their "catching" quality will soon render them familiar to the ears of all London. It is not only the tunefulness of the work which calls for praise. It is admirably orchestrated; and those who listen to the vocal music will lose half their possible enjoyment if they fail to notice the musical under-current which ripples in the orchestra while the vocalists are singing. The orchestration is full, and shows the thoughtful work of a master resolved to aim at completeness. In place of thin weak *arpeggio* accompaniments, M. Lecocq gives us distinct moving parts for the principal instruments in his orchestra; and takes care to show that he is a master of counterpoint. He is peculiarly happy in his concerted vocal music. The *finales* to the first and second acts are excellently constructed; and the opening portion of the second act contains a quintet which leads into an *ensemble* in eight parts, each distinct, yet in strict harmony! It is only musicians who can appreciate the labour involved in such a composition. The choruses also are well written, and full of variety. Of the solos, the most successful on Saturday were Conti's songs, "I tremble!—I start," "Say, canst thou read?" (apparently copied from Mehul, or some of his contemporaries), and his valse,

"Joy in my heart is up-growing;" Friquette's two songs, "The Lily and the Rose," and "Since you're so worldly wise;" and the song of the Sergeant La Rose, "Tis not in birth lies glory's charm." Other portions of the work were almost equally entitled to praise, but mention of these must be deferred until a future occasion, when a complete analysis of the music will be given. For the present it will be sufficient to say that M. Lecocq has in *Les Prés St.-Gervais* taken higher ground than hitherto, and has proved himself to be no unworthy follower of the illustrious Auber.

The performers deserve warm praise. Madame Pauline Rita ('Conti') sang with good taste, fluent execution, and faultless intonation. Her acting was natural and intelligent. Miss Catherine Lewis undertook the part of 'Friquette,' at a day's notice, and her success was the more remarkable. She not only sang well, but acted with vivacity and intelligence. Miss Emily Thorne was excellent as the formidable 'Madame Nicole,' Miss Florence Hunter an attractive though evidently nervous 'Angélique,' and Miss Lillian Adair an amusing 'Toinon.' Mr. C. Brenner, who possesses a voice more remarkable for power than sweetness, was an efficient 'La Rose,' and sang the song, "Tis not in birth," with a genuine dramatic fire that brought down the house. Mr. Perrini, one of the most painstaking and amusing artists on the English operatic stage, was excellent as the henpecked 'M. Nicole.' Mr. Loredan was a graceful 'Grégoire,' minor parts were well played by MM. Hogan, Grantham, and Manning; Mr. Connell made a great success as 'Harpin,' and kept the audience in continual laughter; and the part of 'Adolphe,' the youthful *enfant terrible* of M. Nicole, was played with the most amusing coolness by Master Rivers, an actor of the mature age of four. The scenery, by Messrs. Grieve and Mr. Gordon, was well designed; the dresses, by Miss Price, were charming; the stage was filled with pretty girls, who sang with a precision worthy of veteran choristers; and the orchestra did its work admirably, particularly in the accompaniments to vocal solos. Encores and recalls were abundant; and after the principal performers had passed before the curtain, a well-deserved tribute was paid to Mr. Stanislaus, Mrs. Liston, and Mr. Reece.

Les Prés St.-Gervais is not only a charming comic opera, which is likely to fill the Criterion Theatre for months to come, but is a boon to the well-wishers of art. The story is diverting, without vulgarity; the music will captivate all ears by its wealth of original melody, and will at the same time satisfy the most exacting critical judgment by its masterly construction. The brilliant success which attended its production in an English dress forebodes a speedy extinction of the moribund opéra-bouffes which have for a brief period usurped the place of genuine comic operas like *Les Prés St.-Gervais*.

THE COVENT GARDEN CONCERT SEASON.

ON Monday last these concerts were brought to a close, after a season which has extended from August 8 to December 1; and we learn that the large pecuniary success of the speculation has induced Messrs. Gatti to secure Covent Garden Theatre for the autumns of the next three years, for the purpose of continuing these entertainments.

Among the chief sources of the success which has this season attended the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts must be named the orchestra. Last year the orchestra contained but a limited number of really good players. This year it was strengthened by the engagement of a large number of the best instrumentalists to be found in the orchestras of the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Opera; and the instrumental performances have been conspicuously improved. The engagement of a permanent professional choir was also a judicious step, and the personal comfort of visitors was wisely studied. The handsome carpet which covered the entire floor was not only pleasant to walk upon, but almost entirely deadened the noise of the promenaders' feet. The new stalls in front of the orchestra were a great convenience, and the refreshment department was much better arranged than formerly. When it is added that, by improved arrangements, complete ventilation was secured, and that dust was almost entirely prevented, it will be seen that care had been taken to render the concerts attractive, so far as comfort was concerned; and, as might be expected, the liberality and forethought thus exhibited were rewarded by the liberal patronage of the public.

So far as the artistic merits of the concerts are concerned, it cannot be said that entirely satisfactory results were achieved; and, in the interests of art, it is desirable to point out those blemishes in the arrangements which should be avoided on future occasions.

The instrumental music was not of so high an order as it should have been. With such a band, the finest orchestral music was practicable; and a symphony, concerto, or other great instrumental composition, should have been played every night. The absurd and timorous notion that such masterpieces would not be tolerated by a general audience has on former occasions been combated in these columns. The same thing was said thirty years ago, when Julien—whose great services to musical progress are too lightly estimated—took a bolder flight than his predecessors, Musard and Laurent; and, in place of presenting programmes composed entirely of overtures, waltzes, and quadrilles, introduced works like Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and Spohr's "Power of Sound." The lovers of good music gratefully accepted these boons; and the general public soon acquired a relish for works, before unknown to them, when they found that these works unfolded stores of beauty and sublimity which lifted the listeners into a higher and more ennobling region of art. Since that time the art of music has made such progress amongst us that in England more money is spent on music and musical performances than in any other country in the world; and to doubt the willingness of the masses to listen to music of the best kind is an unjust depreciation of the existing state of musical taste and intellectual cultivation. It is true that, during the season just concluded, "classical" music was given on Wednesdays; on which days the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other great composers, were performed; but it was not enough to devote one evening only in each week to the higher kinds of music. At every concert the "first part" should have concluded with some great orchestral work; instead of which the powers of an excellent band were to a certain extent wasted. It may have been difficult to find a conductor fully qualified to direct the performances of classical music on every night in the week, but with that the public have nothing to do. If, next season, the system of giving one orchestral masterpiece in the first part of every concert be adopted, these concerts will claim higher rank, and will infallibly attract greater patronage.

The system of giving fragments of classical works has been too much followed. The absurdity of the ancient Roman who exhibited a brick—in order to explain the architecture of his dwelling—was not greater than that which is shown in giving a detached fragment of a symphony—as, for instance, the Allegretto of Beethoven's 8th Symphony, which was the only piece of classical music in the programme of the opening concert. There was also too much repetition of orchestral works; whereas the wiser plan would have been to present a successive variety. The programmes were in fact seldom well arranged. The titles of pieces were often wrongly given, and the selections appeared to be

hastily made, without reflection or design. It would be desirable to have the aid of some competent musical adviser, who should render the concerts attractive to genuine amateurs by the continual introduction of well selected orchestral masterpieces, while providing liberally for those who only seek amusement.

In the vocal music there was much room for improvement. Part music was well sung by the choristers; but, with a number of excellent solo vocalists always engaged, no attempt was made to utilise them in duets, trios, and other forms of concerted vocal music, which would have been highly acceptable. Here, again, the need of some presiding musical adviser was apparent.

These criticisms are by no means of a hostile character, but are dictated by the desire to see the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts take higher ground hereafter; and while it has been a duty to point out where censure is called for, it must be admitted that there is much more occasion for praise than blame. Not only have great liberality and spirit been shown in the engagement of a large and excellent orchestra (reinforced by the fine band of the Coldstream Guards, under the able direction of Mr. Fred. Godfrey), but engagements have also been made with a number of the best solo players and vocalists. Among the former may be named M. Henri Wieniawski, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. Edward Howell, Mr. Viotti Collins, and Mr. Levy; among the latter, Mesdames Sinico-Campobello, Rose Hersee, Benati, Bianchi, Alvsleben, and Lemmens-Sherrington, MM. Lewis Thomas, Pearson, and Wilford Morgan. Sir Julius Benedict has conducted on "classical" nights, and M. Hervé, although hardly familiar enough with the more severe kinds of music, has shown great ability under very trying circumstances. Herr Keler Bela and Herr Gungl have been specially engaged to conduct their popular dance music, and Mr. Josiah Pittman has rendered valuable service as conductor of the choir and as accompanist. Mr. Burnett, the first violin, has also given valuable assistance in conducting. The arrangements "in front of the house," under the able management of Mr. John Russell (whose benefit on Monday last brought the concerts to a conclusion), were all that could be desired. For what they have done, and for their good intentions as to the future, Messrs. Gatti are justly entitled to that gratitude which implies a "lively sense of future favours," and every one must acknowledge that their great success has been fairly earned.

MUSICAL NOTES.

At the Crystal Palace Concert, on Saturday last, Handel's "Allegro ed il Penseroso" was performed for the first time, with the assistance of Madame Sherrington, Miss Spiller, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Whitney, and the Crystal Palace choir. The modern orchestration—written by Franz to supply the place of the organ *obbligato*, which was used in Handel's time—was introduced on this occasion; and Mr. Manns conducted.

THE Albert Hall Concerts have been given this week, in conformity with the arrangements previously made; but nothing has been done of sufficient musical interest to call for notice.

At the Monday Popular Concert on Monday last, the programme was composed of selections from Beethoven, Gluck, Bach, Raff, Schubert, and Rheinberger. Herr von Bülow was pianist, with MM. Strauss, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, as coadjutors. Madame Alvsleben was the vocalist.

At the Saturday Concert this afternoon, at St. James's Hall, the instrumentalists will be Madame Neruda, Miss Zimmermann, MM. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti. Vocalist, Mr. Santley; accompanist, Sir Julius Benedict.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON-ROUZEAUD's appearance at St. Petersburg, as 'Valentine,' in *Les Huguenots*, is the theme of admiration in the Russian journals. *The Journal de St.-Petersbourg* says:—"In the great rôle of 'Valentine,' Madame Nilsson has made yet another success. We never heard her voice in finer order, never beheld her display such well-studied dramatic effect, worthy the *chef-d'œuvre* of Meyerbeer."

MISS ROSE HERSEE left London on Monday, to fulfil engagements in the North of England, Scotland, and Ireland, during the month of December. She has almost entirely recovered her health and strength.

MR. E. P. HINGSTON, we regret to learn, is in such infirm health that he will be obliged to quit his post as Acting Manager at the Criterion Theatre for a period of at least three months. An efficient *locum tenens* has been found in Mr. Edward Murray.

THE last six nights of *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* are announced for next week.

The Prayer in the Storm will resume its place on the bills of the Adelphi to-night.

The Two Orphans will be represented for the 72nd time to-night at the Olympic.

HENGLEY'S Grand Cirque, Argyll Street, reopens for the winter season to-night.

THERE will be a morning performance of *Richard Cœur-de-Lion* on Wednesday next during the Cattle Show week.

THE second Gaiety *matinée* takes place to-day, when *Giroflé-Girofla*, by the Philharmonic company, will be repeated.

A VOCALIST'S CAPRICE.—Messrs. Cramer's concert company, of which Miss Carlotta Patti was the leading member, having completed the stipulated series in the provinces, the manager, at the earnest request of Miss Carlotta Patti, who was particularly desirous of singing in Birmingham, organised at considerable inconvenience and expense, an extra concert to be given there on Thursday, last week, with Miss Carlotta Patti as the principal attraction. The result gave rise to great disappointment and greater indignation. When the audience had waited about twenty minutes after the advertised time for commencing, Mr. Lindsay Sloper came forward and made the "unpleasant communication" that Miss Carlotta Patti would not appear. He explained that on her arrival she had taken offence at finding herself announced as "the sister of Miss Adelina Patti." She would listen to no apology, and left Birmingham by the 7.30 train.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Shakespeare's comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* will be produced here on Saturday week, the 19th inst., with the following unusually strong cast:—Mr. Phelps will be 'Sir John Falstaff'; Mr. Hermann Vezin, 'Mr. Ford'; Mr. Righton, 'Sir Hugh Evans'; Mr. Belford, 'Mr. Page'; Mr. Forbes Robertson, 'Fenton'; Mr. Arthur Cecil, 'Dr. Caius'; Mr. J. G. Taylor, 'Master Slender'; Mr. Maclean, 'Justice Shallow'; Mr. Gresham, 'the Host of the Garter'; Mr. Soutar, 'Pistol'; Miss Branscombe, 'Robin'; Mrs. John Wood, 'Mrs. Page'; Miss Rose Leclercq, 'Mrs. Ford'; Miss Furtado, 'Anne Page'; and Mrs. Leigh, 'Dame Quickly.' Mr. Arthur Sullivan is composing some new and original music for the piece. The scenery will be by Messrs. Grieve, Gordon, and Harford, and Mr. Alfred Thompson designs the dresses. Mr. Hollingshead opens the Holborn Amphitheatre on the same evening for opera and pantomime, with the members of his Gaiety company not required for the Shakespearean representations, greatly augmented by new engagements, and his Gaiety orchestra under the direction of Herr Meyer Lutz.

Our Captious Critic.



SHOULD you ask me where I go to When the theatres are closing, And the streets are full of growlers Picking up the tired playgoer, I should answer, I should tell you, "To the Covent Garden Concerts—Concerts where the promenaders Quaff the deleterious brandy; Where the music of the laughter Of the promenading damsels Mingles with the thunders Led by Hervé's magic *bâton*." Should you ask me why I go there, I should answer, I should tell you, That upon my word I know not—But that still I somehow go there. . . . I am not a Longfellow, however, and must subside into humble but honest prose in recording my impressions of that popular resort known as the Promenade Concerts, now, alas! closed for the season. It pains me to think that ere this rude carpenters have torn down the interminable lengths of pink muslin which gracefully depended above the orchestra; that the refreshment bar is no more, and that the elegant young persons who dispensed liquors thereat have had to seek employment elsewhere. To what place have been carted those splendid pictorial embellishments that covered the recesses—pictures of lovely female forms bathing in limpid streams, or sitting in charming attitudes by dripping fountains? What almshouse or hospital has opened its portals to those seedy and feeble old gentlemen who were wont to act as private policemen for the order-loving proprietors? And the seductive recesses where ices were eaten and beer consumed, and sly appointments made, and discussions about the last dance at Doughty Hall carried on—where are they? Alas! all have gone, and for such moral entertainments will shortly be substituted the wild and vulgar sensualities of a Christmas pantomime. We have now nothing to sustain us but the pleasures of memory.

Of all the features of the Promenade Concerts, none has impressed itself so vividly on the memory of your Captious Critic as Mr. Levy—the celebrated cornet-à-piston player, the delight of Russian courts—the modest, the elegant, the intelligent. From earliest childhood I have been a passionate admirer of the instrument to the study of which Mr. Levy has devoted his vast genius. Fascinated and shivering have I stood at street corners in the snow, hanging on the notes that came from the musician who stood outside the adjoining public-house, delighting its imbibing inmates. I am compelled to admit that none of these wandering professors displayed quite as great a mastery of the instrument as the subject of my present adulations. Even when the interior of their cornets became thoroughly salivated, they could not emulate those wonderful "tricks" (so they are denominated by the ignorant and vulgar) that have made for my hero fame, name, and money.

I will be borne out by the thousands who have nightly listened to his wonderful performances, and at the same time observed his deportment, that with unexampled ability he combines unexampled modesty. This is a combination so rare that, when found, we should "make a note o'at." Consider for a moment the number of temptations to conceit which this truly great man has to overcome. He is seated above his colleagues upon a chair cushioned with brilliant crimson and elaborately gilt as to its back. He has an aristocratic form and manly bearing. His face, chiselled like a Greek marble, indicates an intellect fine and far-reaching, and his eye-glass is the delight of multitudes. How affably he converses with his inferiors in the orchestra, and how condescendingly he regards the surging crowd beneath him. May he live long to enjoy the honours which his skill has obtained for him!

It may be thought that my eulogy is excessive. But surely even a Captious Critic may be sometimes sincere. Shall one smother the fine emotions for the mere sake of a smart paragraph? Not such a one am I. When I feel my inner depths stirred, I shall express myself in such English as I can command. Were I a poet by trade, I would indite odes. Being only a critic, I am forced to run my praises into less ambitious grooves. But praise I must, not only because of my ardent admiration of the subject, but because of certain circumstances of which I was last Saturday night a witness, and the which I will now relate.

I think it was about eleven o'clock of the night when I entered the vestibule. There was a slight commotion there. Excited Gattis were rushing about, and stolid policemen were being invited to enter. There was evidently cause of emotion, which it would be waste of time and ingenuity to guess at. I paid my money and went in. Round the orchestra an unruly crowd had gathered, and from many throats there came derisive shouts and cat-calls, and what parliamentary reporters call "ironical cheers." Anxious beyond measure for the safety of my idol, I rushed towards the orchestra. There he sat, pale, but dignified, gazing sadly and reproachfully at the crowd, which once he had delighted, but which now had turned upon him to revile him. Like the swine in the Scriptures, I believe they would have rent him had they dared. As I gazed upon his calm and melancholy visage, my mind naturally reverted to Coriolanus and Julius Caesar, and other victims to popular idiocy mentioned on the PAGE OF HISTORY, and sung of in IMMORTAL VERSE. Naturally anxious to ascertain the cause of the tumult, I make enquiries of an intelligent person who was not engaged in howling. His narrative shorn of its redundancies was something like this—except that, as the good old man told it, he was frequently interrupted by a flood of tears.

It appears that on the other side of the orchestra there sits a flautist, known to fame as John Harrington Young. As to the merits of this gentleman, I have nothing to say one way or the other. I am not a musical critic. But when I mention (the fact is probably known to some of my readers) that Mr. Young does not sit on a gilded chair, and does not wear an eye-glass, and has not electrified Russian courts, every candid and commonsense individual is bound to infer that Mr. Young is an inferior musician. To make this inferiority still more apparent, it should be carefully borne in mind that Mr. Young has no "tricks," and that he wins his triumphs—if indeed I may call them so—on a ridiculous little instrument only a few inches long. Now, strange to say, the unaccountable and uncultivated audiences that attend the Promenades have for some time back been showering their



favours upon the player of the flute instead of upon the player of the cornet. Such conduct on the part of a public is not only unreasonable, but I would almost be inclined to say unconstitutional. The great Levy very properly looked upon those uncalled for popular demonstrations in favour of a ridiculous pretender without a golden throne as an infringement of his rights. Had he lived in the old days, he would possibly have risen and slain his rival. But magnanimity is one of my idol's strong points. He allowed his preposterous rival to survive. He determined, however, to lower him in the eyes of his admirers. Nothing could be more manly and straightforward. He refused to "come on" before the flautist. The flautist, a craven-spirited mortal, yielded and came on first. But so pigheaded was the multitude that their enthusiasm raised by the flute was exhausted when the cornet "came on," and so the great master of it did not get what is technically termed a "hand." This in itself was sufficiently annoying. But to be hooted, jeered at, "chivied," was too terrible. Levy should have risen then, and addressed the mob and his enemy as Coriolanus did of old an equally turbulent assembly and an equally detested foe:—

"Cut me to pieces, Volscians; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!"

The occasion demanded some such deliverance. It would have cowed both the false hound and the Volscians. We must take care and have Mr. Levy righted next season—that is supposing he is not next season summoned to charm the more cultivated ears to be found in Russian courts.

But as I have said, these rivalries and jealousies and popular manias are now things of the past. The season is over. Covent Garden is closed. The stirring events that transpired during the last nights now quietly slip among the records of history. Not now—oh, not now!—can we sit in judgment upon acts which divide and influence the entire British Public. But a future and a calmer age reading this record will render a fitting meed of praise to him who played the cornet-à-piston to an insensate mob.

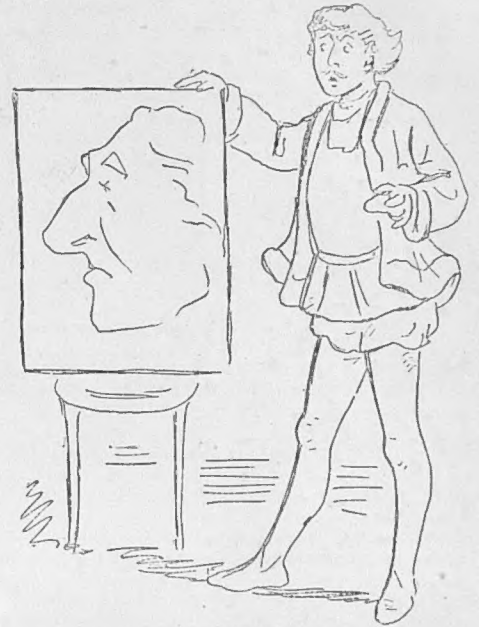
Whenever I see a stage work by Mr. Henry S. Leigh, I always wonder how it is he does not give us more. As a writer of words to music there is, in my humble opinion, no producer or adapter of opéra-bouffe who can hold a candle to him. The lyrics in *Le Roi Corolotte* are quite the neatest things of their kind at present being sung. I must plead guilty to the accusation that since the Alhambra ceased to be a music-hall trying to be a theatre, and became a theatre trying to be a music-hall, I have not visited it so much. In the old days you were not bound to listen to anything, and you could smoke, and walk about, and chatter. You are not permitted to smoke now; and if you walk about and chatter, people cry out, "Hish—hi-i-sssh." That intimation always irritates me; and it is hard to be subjected to it on account of the creaking of a boot, or the utterance of a syllable. So it happens that I do not often make one of an Alhambra audience. *Le Roi Corolotte*, however, is worth seeing again and again. Our esteemed friend, Paulton is, as ever, unmusical, but amusing. He seems absolutely to have less voice than our other esteemed friend, J. L. Toole. But the little discordant substitute that he possesses, he makes excellent use of. Miss Rose Bell, who is the very best of our opéra-bouffe actresses, can both sing and act. And Miss Lennox Grey improves with every appearance, and sings as charmingly as ever.



Miss Lennox Grey as "Rosie"

The cast of the *Hamlet* travestie at the Globe is a miserable contrast to the cast on the occasion of Mr. Odell's benefit. And notwithstanding his cleverness, Mr. Fairlie will find that the public is quite competent to judge between good and bad.

Mr. Boyne does his best with the part of 'Hamlet.' His gymnastics are good. And the idea of two black boards, on which he chalks "this picture, and this," is original and funny. But the fact is the sooner we have done with amateur management the better. There has been very little profit to the public in Mr. Fairlie's London venture. And I cannot forget that one of his provincial tours terminated in a most disgraceful way, with an empty treasury, and with the ill-will of every member of the company. As members of the public we have a right to demand that important London establishment shall be maintained by *bonâ fide* and practised caterers, and not by military gentlemen who have left their regiments to the great regret of their brother officers, or by financiers who have made their money through swindling the public, or, as it is more politely put, by promoting bogus loans.



AMERICAN DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

From the Arcadian.

CHARLES FECHTER is in Memphis, Tenn.—Steinway Hall knows Maccabe no more.—Mr. J. K. Emmet is in Washington, D. C.—Mark Twain is engaged upon a new drama.

Mr. Dominick Murray has established himself for a brief period at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Madame Lucca is still unable to settle the dispute between her two husbands. She is likely to find that it is as dangerous to have two barons as two stools.

Indianapolis has a five-year-old musical prodigy by the name of Eversole, who is going on a concert tour.

A young daughter of Madame Jenny Van Zandt, aged fourteen, now with the Kellogg English Opera Troupe, is said to have had a ten years' offer from Mapleson, in London, who offers to have her musical education finished before producing her.

Wybert Reeve is not drawing crowded houses at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago.

Mr. J. L. Toole has made a great success in Louisville. Next week he goes to Cincinnati.

The *Herald*, in its notice of *The Shaughraun*, says:—"Mr. Boucicault manages, however, with his intense good humour and ready wit, to secure the favour of the audience, which never quits him until the curtain finally falls on the triumph of virtue." Is it not rather hard on Boucicault to imply that he loses the favour of his audience as soon as the curtain falls?

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are still delighting the Bostonians. Mr. Williams has been presented with an elegant cane, of the species "shillelah," by some of his admirers in Philadelphia. It was for years the property of a peasant of Mullingar, and has seen active service.

Mrs. Rousby will be the next attraction at the Lyceum Theatre. If not one of the most talented, she is certainly one of the most beautiful women on the English stage. Her engagement commences on the 4th of January next.

Sunday night concerts have been inaugurated at the National Theatre, Washington.

Adelina Patti says that, as her husband is a Frenchman, she considers herself a Frenchwoman, and therefore will not sing in Prussia.

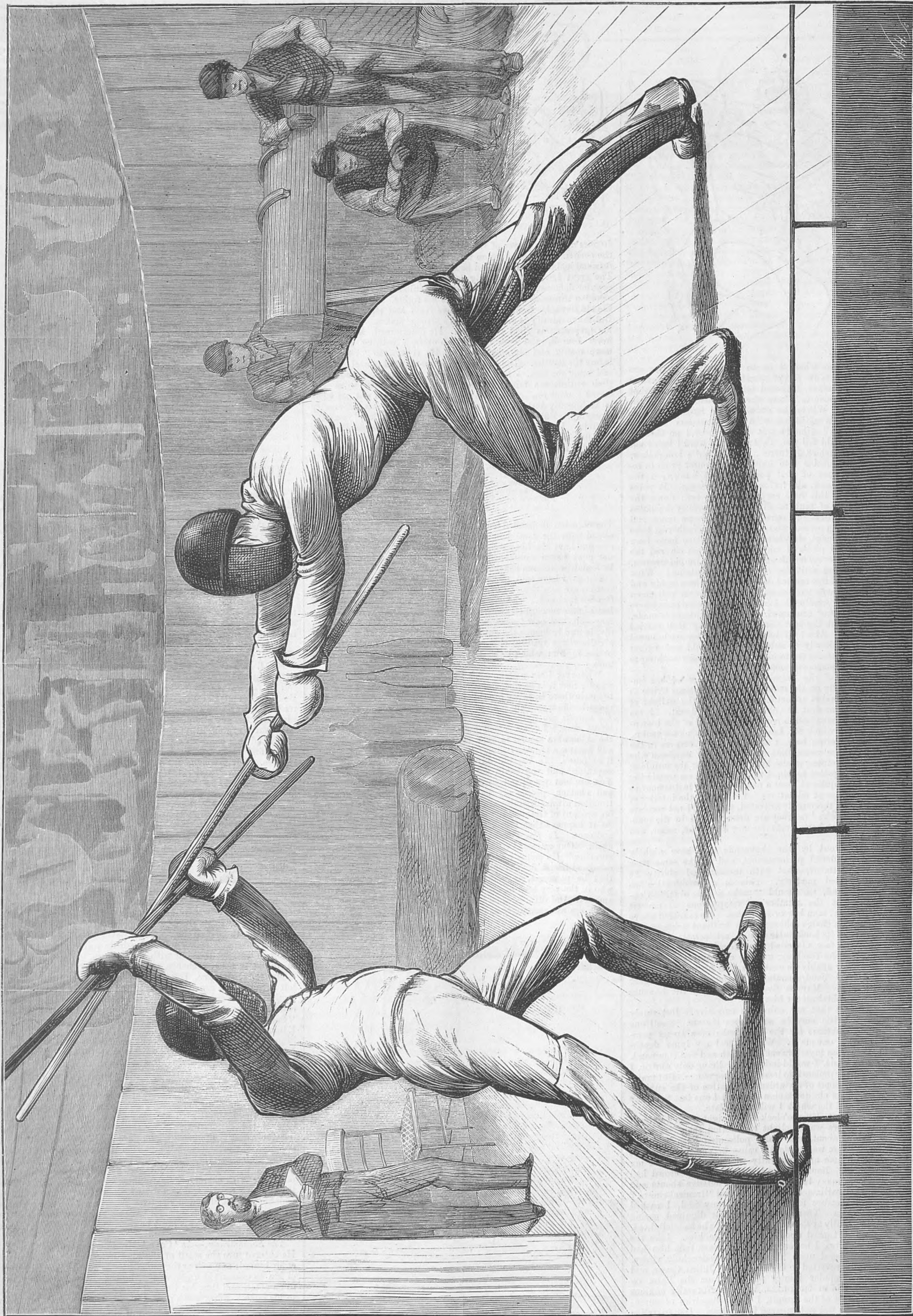
The value of musical instruments exported from this country last year was \$550,227. Of this amount reed organs absorbed \$292,151, the balance being for pianofortes.

A pistol, to be used by Marietta Ravel in a play at the Troy Opera House, was loaded with a decidedly realistic bullet by a boy who had been rat-hunting with the fire-arm. The discovery was made just in time, probably, to save the life of an actor.

Mr. E. A. Sothorn, before he last left London for America, left funds for the repair of George Frederick Cooke's tomb in St. Paul's Churchyard. Cooke died in 1812. The repairs have been completed, and the inscriptions on three of the sides read: "South Side.—Erected to the memory of Geo. Fredk. Cooke by Edmund Kean, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1821. Three kingdoms claim his birth, both hemispheres pronounce his worth. North Side.—Repaired by Charles Kean, 1846. East Side.—Repaired by E. A. Sothorn, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 1874."

The gentleman who writes the dramatic notices of the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*, has lately made the experience that the path of the independent critic is not always strewn with roses. On the night of the 13th Mrs. Harry Ryner, who is playing at the Rochester Opera House, accompanied by her son, entered the editorial rooms of the above-named journal, and inquired for the dramatic critic, Mr. E. L. Adams. When he appeared she demanded with passion whether he was the author of the statement that her "queenly carriage as 'Elizabeth' was far from perfect, while her intonation and expression were very poor?" With characteristic frankness Mr. Adams acknowledged the fact, whereupon the lady drew forth a riding-whip, while her amiable son displayed a dagger. After some scuffling mother and son were put out, and Mr. Adams remained master of the field. Mrs. Harry Ryner must be on intimate terms with Charles R. Thorne, jun.

The Shaughraun.—As 'Conn,' Mr. Boucicault was at his best. He entered into the spirit of the part thoroughly, and seemed to enjoy himself as much as the audience. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Boucicault as a playwright, he has always taken high rank as an actor, and this, his last impersonation, will, if possible, add to his fame. Never was a good-natured, drunken, faithful, thieving rascal better portrayed. Mr. H. J. Montague played the part of 'Captain Molineux' with commendable discretion, and gained general favour. The only opportunity that he had for the display of his abilities occurred in his love scene with 'Claire,' which he succeeded in making delightfully sweet and charming.



THE ASSAULT OF ARMS AT ST. JAMES'S HALL—A BOUT AT QUARTERSTAFF.



THE PROMENADE



LOVE BIRDS



MERCHANT OF VENICE

SHYLOCK AND JESSICA



STUDENTS OF NATURE

THE AQUARIUM



A PLEASANT TEA

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisements for "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should arrive not later than Thursday morning, addressed to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges on application.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for insertion in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" should be addressed to "The Editor," 198, Strand, W.C., and must be accompanied by the Writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Dramatic and Sporting Correspondents will oblige the Editor by placing the word "Drama" or "Sporting," as the case may be, on the corner of the envelope.

No notice will be taken of enquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

Any irregularities in the delivery of the paper should be immediately made known to the Publisher, at 198, Strand.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1874.

WE had occasion, not long since, to call attention to the necessity which exists for filling up the ranks of retiring or deceased patrons of the Turf with something of superior class to the "shoddy" which furnishes the chief contingent of fresh aspirants to racing fame. We cannot of course tell what titles of nobility or high lineage may not be concealed behind the convenience of an assumed name; and we have ample evidence that the practice of racing under a *nom de course* is becoming more prevalent year by year. But we fancy most persons adopting such *incognitos* are anxious to prevent their connection with the Turf from becoming matter of notoriety, owing to a desire of further obscuring obscurity rather than of veiling high position in the social scale. Racing has been called the "sport of kings," and if pursued for mere amusement can obviously be only indulged in by those who can afford to lose sight of the credit side of the balance-sheet, and frank the expenses of their hobby without any anxiety as to whether it is a paying speculation or the reverse. We regret that cases are extremely rare where this almost Utopian state of things prevails, but such undoubtedly do exist, and afford a pleasing contrast to that ugly rush after the "sinews of war" which distinguishes the so-called clever divisions of our day. These latter the Turf could very well afford to lose; but where should we be without a leaven of what we may term the hereditary supporters of racing—more common formerly, we are bound to record, than in our own times—noblemen and gentlemen of high position who can afford to race without betting (in opposition to the Bentinckian maxim), and who glory in succeeding to their ancestors' racing jacket as a precious heirloom—bound to maintain its reputation, and to keep its honour spotless as their own? Such are the very salt of the Turf, having something more than a transitory interest in its welfare; the cornerstones of an edifice which, however neglected and dilapidated, they have received as a trust from those who have gone before. We are far from saying that honour and upright dealing are *invariably* associated with noble names and ancient race, or that the opposites to these are the characteristics of the lower grades of sportsmen; but we can very well foresee what would become of the Turf in England if its pursuit was confined to the various sections of the great money-grubbing division, which is not the less powerful on account of its obscurity. Though a nation of shopkeepers, we are desirous of excluding shopkeeping from Turf transactions, and of forgetting the ledger and the yard measure in the pursuit of the noblest, intrinsically, of modern pastimes.

Owing, therefore, such opinions, and indulging such feelings, it is with sincere pleasure that we welcome upon the Turf a successor to the name and fame of Zetland. It is true the last link between the new and old reigning orders at Aske has been severed by the death of Voltigeur early in the present year; but though the old Blacklock brown has been taken, something still abides to form the nucleus of a new race of heroes and heroines to unfurl the spotted banner as of old, and to wake the hearths and homes of Yorkshire once again to enthusiasm in the cause of the "blameless Earl." Such feelings of veneration as Yorkshiremen were wont to cherish for the "spots" could never have been aroused save through the worthiest of objects; for, thanks to the force of the racing public's opinion freely spoken and openly demonstrated, there is but little left on the Turf of that crawling flunkedom which bows down to the policy of the aristocrat, and deems that "the King can do no wrong." Lord Zetland will mingle with the masses, whose interest is centred in our national pastime, as an old friend with a new face; and what with Aske bursting into blossom once again, and with

the star of Ashgill in the ascendant, additional zest will be imparted to the encounter of Greek against Greek when North and South, as in "the brave days of old," are arming for the fray.

It cannot be said that the course of events during the last ten years of Turf annals has tended in any way to allay the natural anxiety attendant upon launching on a racing career, even with such brilliant memories to impel him as the young nobleman who will rally all Yorkshire round his racing standard. Of the good old school there is but a slender remnant in existence, and sons have not cared to follow in the footsteps of their sires, nor to tempt the dangerous paths leading up to glory with so many pits and precipices on either hand. Such names as Derby, Exeter, Bedford, and Glasgow, are almost forgotten on the Turf which knew their colours so well a few years back. The black and white of Knowsley may be unfolded again in some future generation, but not during the reign of the nobleman to whom racing forms no recreation from the cares of office, and to whom even the names of the family cracks are probably a sealed book. The stiff and haughty Lord of Burleigh, with his training conferences with John Scott, his rigid ideas of Turf etiquette, and the "Asiatic mysteries" of his personally superintended trials, has given way to the Exeter of more utilitarian views, with his schemes for improvement of tenants, and proposed devotion of the time-honoured Stamford race-course to "more useful purposes." The nervous, irritable, yet punctiliously honourable old Earl, lord of a hundred steeds, and master of every trainer by turn, with his rude obstinacy and coarse undignified abuse of his servants, no longer crowds the "Calendar" with his nameless lists of giants whose pedigrees were a "caution" to all connected with them; having left title, fortune—all save his love of racing—to a successor better qualified to preside over some scheme for the amelioration of mankind than to command the applause of the great Turf senate, whose object is the improvement in the breed of horses. Not even his Grace of Bedford's lukewarm interest in the string under Admiral Rous's supervision animates the "present Duke," and no member of the house of Portland has yet arisen to follow out the high dictatorial policy of "Lord George." Such changes are to be anticipated, for we cannot expect tastes to be hereditary any more than genius; but we would willingly see more high racing names perpetuated, and stables kept up, if only for the sake of localising sport in the place of present attempts at its centralisation. Efforts in the latter cause have made Newmarket a reproach in the racing world for the poor quality of its contests; and it is palpably a delusion to suppose that superior sport can be ensured owing to the presence of a large congregation of animals, even when they are split up into a number of smaller sections. We are of opinion that a multitude of training grounds would ensure infinitely more interesting meetings than the present fashion of centralising sport and horses, and that every one who has the means for or opportunity of having his gallops within his own domain is conferring a benefit on the Turf at large by introducing fresh animals, instead of resting content with seeing the same dreary round of horses meeting after meeting, each knowing the other's form too accurately. It is some time since Richmond has produced a real crack; in fact the trainers who know its Grey Stone so well have rather had the name for foisting upon the public imposters like Plaudit, of "plaster" notoriety, and for deeming their smallest geese veritable swans. This reproach will, we trust, pass away speedily now that we have a promise of fresh blood; and while the Tykes will hail with acclamation a return of the old Voltigeur and Fandango days, the South will be no less eager in its recognition of the resuscitated colours of a nobleman who, in the words of "The Druid," "ne'er stooped to cross or dodge."

THE QUORN HOUNDS.—On account of the death of Mrs. Coupland the Quorn Hounds will not meet until Monday, December 7.

BENDIGO IN THE PULPIT.—On Sunday last the London Cabmen's Mission Hall at King's Cross was crowded to overflowing—morning, afternoon, and evening—to hear a religious address from the well-known prize-fighter Bendigo, ex-champion of England. Mr. John Dupree, the superintendent of the mission, conducted the services, which were carried on with the greatest decorum and earnestness. Mr. James Dupree, of Nottingham, who had been a companion of Bendigo in early life, and was finally instrumental in reclaiming him, gave a very characteristic account of their careers at Nottingham, the interest of which was greatly heightened by the vernacular dialect. Bendigo, who is now 63 years of age, stands as straight as a dart, and although there are not wanting faint traces in the expression of the face of the long life of hard usage to which he has been exposed, he looks hale and hearty, with a clear complexion and bright eye; and, making allowances for the grammar of a man who was born in the lap of poverty 60 years before the date of school boards, and never learnt his letters, his address was simple, though coarse. He said he was the youngest of 21 children, and his father dying when he was 13, he was put in the workhouse. He began fighting when he was 16 years of age, and dropped it when he was 40. Thirty-six years ago he came up and fought "Deaf Burke" for the champion's belt and won it, and then he fought Ben Caunt. Two years ago, after spending his time alternately in the police cells, the prize ring, and the public house, he was converted as if by a miracle. Ever since he had been the happiest man alive, and he should be happier still if he could only learn to read the Bible for himself.

STAGE MORALITY.

THERE were once upon a time two knights, one of whom maintained that a certain shield was made of silver, while the other was positive that it was golden. After they had fought about the matter—a proceeding which seems rather beside the question—they, as is well known, discovered that one side of the shield was gold, and the other silver; that neither of them had been wholly in the wrong, nor either entirely right.

To the present day, most shields have two sides; there are still few points of view from which one can see both at once; and the quarrels occasioned by this unlucky state of things are almost as fierce as ever. Men establish beyond question that black is black, and that black cannot be white, and then consider it proved that what is black from their point of view must be black all over, and argue from what they know to what they do not know in a way which really looks very scientific indeed.

The position and morality of the stage of to-day is a matter with two sides which differ very widely: it might almost be described as two stages, with different actors, writers, and publics. Young and enthusiastic spirits are wont to look upon the drama as rising rapidly to heights perhaps never reached before; to an age of gold, when Shakspearean power will be joined to Robertsonian purity, and interpreted by galaxies of Garricks: while older men who have lost their enthusiasm, or (saddest sight of all) young men who never had any, look on the English theatre as a mass of folly and immorality, attracting only by showy scenery, vulgar excitement and buffoonery, and entirely supported by the *jeunesse dorée*, who revel in its frivolity, and the "lower classes," who relish its coarse sensation.

There is truth in both views. A stage which has of late years produced, with brilliant success and with admirable acting, comedies like *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*, *Caste*, *Cyril's Success*, the *Two Roses*, *New Men and Old Acres*, &c., and, though not often so successfully, many worthy attempts at tragedy and historical drama of a high school; a stage whose interest for thinking men increases every year, whose leading attraction at the present moment is an original rendering of *Hamlet*, cannot be in a hopeless condition, must possess more than the germs of the highest art. On the other hand, when we find that, out of the seventeen Westend theatres now open, only two steadily devote themselves to high-class comedy, and but one to tragedy, while seven are, just now at all events, making *opéra-bouffe* of some sort—and generally of such a sort!—their chief attraction, we cannot wonder that many intellectual men simply take no notice of the theatre, and multitudes of respectable people view anything connected with it with unfeigned horror. Such a preponderance of frivolity over serious art shows at least that, if the stage is improving, it still needs improvement very sorely, that there are many managers, actors, authors, and audiences greatly wanting both in intellect and self-respect.

The stage is improving, we believe; yet the contrast between the fare offered to London audiences now and that of a dozen years ago is, particularly from this point of view of morality, a strange one, and not in every way reassuring. By stage morality we do not mean in the present instance artistic morality, that which prevents an artist from descending to any unworthy methods of obtaining applause, which makes him sacrifice his personal interests to those of the piece in which he is playing; which makes a manager rather play Shakspeare, when it may spell ruin, than the prince of melodramatists, when his name alone will fill the treasury. We mean now simply *morals*, in the every day sense of the word, in the Philistine sense, if you will, dear to many honest uncultivated Britons, right, very often, when the cultivated artist is wrong.

A dozen years ago there was nothing on the English stage so promising, of a tendency so distinctly upward, as the work of Mr. Irving as an actor, Mrs. Bancroft as a manager, and Mr. Gilbert as an author, have of late given us: Charles Kean's revivals—never as remarkable from an intellectual as from a pictorial or historical point of view—were ending, as was Mr. Phelps's reign at Sadler's Wells; original English comedy was not flourishing at any house in London, for we cannot call the *American Cousin* comedy; and the French stage supplied us with nine-tenths of our dramatic material, except, curiously enough, in burlesque, now our chief importation. But we had Fechter, the prince of lovers, and Robson, yet unequalled in his line; Mr. Boucicault was giving us his best melodramas and burlesques—though one element of vulgarity, now happily extinct (the assumption by men of female parts), was then rampant—were written by men like William Brough, were acted by the best comedians of the day, were coherent, sometimes clever, and decent. Their subjects were merely inoffensive classical stories, at some theatres really not vulgarised, or parodies of popular plays; and it was the plot, the real burlesque humour, the puns, the music-hall melodies, and the break-downs (dances spirited and decent, if not eminently picturesque), which made their success.

Now we have pure English comedy, we have even the highest tragedy reviving, we have seen entire plays perfectly acted, we have, let us hope, lived through the "real cab-horse" period, and got over one form of idiotic burlesque; but we are in the very midst of a rush of *opéra-bouffe*—of long, foolish, vulgar, uninteresting musical pieces, acted by third-rate low comedians, singers who cannot act, pretty girls innumerable (in one advertisement alone I counted thirty-four yesterday, of whom *not one* was an actress of the slightest mark), utterly ignorant of stage business, innocent of *h's*, and more attentive to the gilded youth in the stalls than to their duties on the stage; not attempting to act, but giggling at the jokes with which such plays are studded, and joining frantically in the indescribable capers with which they generally conclude.

These *opéra-bouffes*—as their name suggests, they have not even the poor merit of originality—are so miserably worthless from even the lowest literary or dramatic point of view that they cannot last very long; but, while they do last, their influence must be inexpressibly bad. They not only do harm to their frequenters—real, and great, and intentional harm—but they give those who dislike the stage a most powerful weapon to use against it.

THE WAGNER THEATRE AT BAYREUTH.—King Louis of Bavaria has quite recently granted a fresh subsidy of 18,000 florins to the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth, which is slowly approaching completion.

SIR EDMUND LECHMERE'S horse dropped down dead whilst out with the Ledbury Hounds at Berrow Wood on Friday last. Sir Edmund escaped with a slight shaking.

KINGSBURY CHRISTMAS MEETING.—This three days' meeting, fixed for December 26, 28, and 29, gives promise of being a great success, as plenty of sport will be provided, judging from the number of races which are advertised to close on or before Wednesday, December 9.

ATLANTIC.—As if to preclude the possibility of enduring any further disappointment with Atlantic, Lord Falmouth at last determined to part with him. He is now the property of Baron Schickler, for whose place in France he left Newmarket on Saturday. The price of Atlantic, who had been in the private sale list for some time, has not transpired.

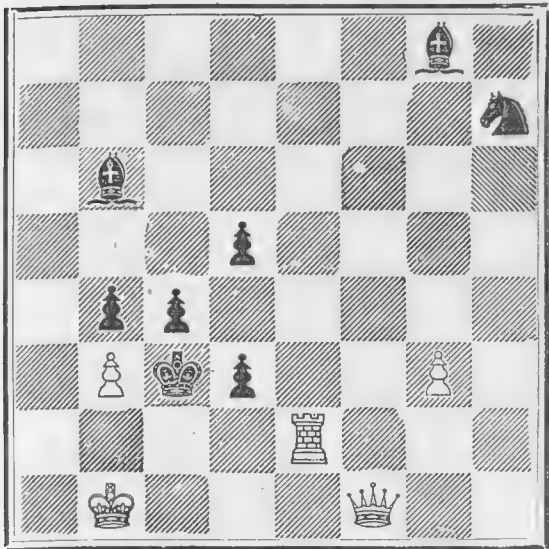
Chess.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention. Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

PROBLEM No. 32.

By C. W., late of Sunbury.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 31.

1. Q to KR 8 1. Anything.
2. Mates.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. T.—The solution is correct. Owing to an accident, however, it did not reach us in time to be acknowledged last week.

HUGH STODART.—The proposed solution will not effect the mate. Look at the position again.

Correct solutions received from R. W. S., J. B. A., Tower, M. A., and C. F. H.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. MACDONNELL AND WEISKER.

The following is one of the games of this contest:—

[IRREGULAR OPENING.]

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K B 4 (a)	1. P to Q 4	16. P to Q B 3	16. Q R to K sq
2. P to K 3	2. P to K Kt 3 (b)	17. Q to K B 2	17. Kt to K B 4
3. Kt to K B 3	3. B to Kt 2	18. P to K Kt 4 (d)	18. Kt to Q 3
4. B to K 2	4. P to Q B 4	19. B to K B 3	19. P takes P
5. Castles	5. Kt to Q B 3	20. P takes P	20. Kt to K 5
6. Q to K sq	6. Q to Q Kt 3	21. B takes Kt	21. P takes B
7. Kt to Q R 3	7. Kt to K R 3	22. K to Kt sq	22. Kt to K 2
8. K to R sq	8. P to Q R 3	23. Kt to Q B 2	23. P to K Kt 4
9. R to Q Kt sq	9. Q to Q B 2 (c)	24. P takes P	24. P takes P
10. P to Q Kt 3	10. Castles	25. Q to K 3	25. Kt to K Kt 3
11. B to Q Kt 2	11. P to Q Kt 4	26. P to Q Kt 4	26. R to K B 6 (e)
12. B takes B	12. K takes B	27. R takes R	27. P takes R
13. R to Q B sq	13. P to K B 3	28. Q to K B 2	28. R to K 7
14. P to K R 3	14. P to K 4	29. Kt to Q 4	29. P takes Kt
15. Kt to K R 2	15. B to Q Kt 2	30. Q takes P (ch)	30. K to R 3

And White resigned.

NOTES.

(a) We cannot understand Mr. Macdonnell's preference for this move. It is good when giving the odds of a Knight, because it leads to few exchanges of pieces, but between even players it throws away all the advantage of the move.

(b) A good reply, preventing White from developing his game by P to Q Kt 3.

(c) Better, perhaps, to have played Kt to Q Kt 5.

(d) A hasty move. He ought to have played Q Kt to B 2.

(e) Very well played—forcing the game to as White will.

The following game was played in India between Mr. V. Green and a native amateur of great skill. The game is remarkable from the fact that it was the first time the native player had ever defended an Evans' Gambit.

[EVANS' GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Native).	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Native).
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	15. K to Q B 4 (d)	15. P to K Kt 4 (c)
2. Kt to K B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3	16. Q to Q R 4	16. B takes Kt
3. B to Q B 4	3. B to Q B 4	17. Q takes B	17. B to K Kt 5
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B takes P	18. Kt to K sq	18. P to K R 4
5. P to Q B 3	5. B to Q B 4	19. Kt to Q B 2	19. P to K Kt 6 (f)
6. Castles	6. P to Q 3	20. P takes P	20. P to K R 5
7. P to Q 4	7. B to Q Kt 3 (a)	21. P to K Kt 4 (g)	21. P to K R 6
8. P takes P	8. P takes P	22. P takes P	22. R takes P
9. Q to Q Kt 3 (b)	9. Q to K 2	23. R to Q 3	23. Q to K R 5
10. B to Q R 3	10. Q to K B 3	24. R takes R	24. Q takes R
11. Q Kt to Q 2	11. K Kt to K 2	25. Kt to K 3 (h)	25. Castles
12. B to Q Kt 5	12. B to Q 2	26. Q to K 2	26. R to K R sq
13. Q R to Q sq	13. B to K 3 (c)	27. P to K B 3	
14. B takes Kt (ch)	14. Kt takes B		

NOTES.

(a) This move occurs in the games between La Bourdonnais and Macdonnell, and is much stronger than is generally supposed.

(b) The authorities advise this line of play. Perhaps, however, it is safer to change Queens and at once recover the Pawn.

(c) Black does not really lose time here, since the White Queen cannot now retire to her own square.

(d) Tempting, as it prevents Black from Castling or playing Kt to Q R 4. But it is not really good, since White must lose a move with the Queen subsequently.

(e) Black now takes the attack, and sustains it to the end.

(f) Finely played. White will never after this be able to bring his Knight safely to K 3.

(g) Nothing better. Suppose instead—

21. Kt to K 3 21. P takes P
22. Kt to K B 5, and Black mates in four moves.

(h) Q to K 2 is equally unavailing.

SUBURBAN RACE MEETINGS.—The series of vexatious prosecutions in the suburban districts during the present year has told so seriously against the material interests of the various clerks of courses within a certain radius that they at length resolved to hold a meeting in order to devise some defensive measures. Accordingly, on Monday last, they met at the Charing Cross Hotel. The proceedings were merely of a preliminary character; but, from the fact of such a large attendance, and the universal desire to take what steps might be deemed expedient to prevent the recurrence of such frivolous actions, there is evidence that the current of feeling on the question is very strong. It was only on Monday last that the Committee of the Grand National Hunt decided to hold their next annual steeple-chase meeting at Sandown Park, Esher, which is only some dozen miles from London.

Whist.

THE following is a simple elementary hand. It shows the importance of remembering the trump card, watching the fall of the cards, and playing to the score.

The players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given, A and B being partners against X and Z. The index (♠) denotes the leader, and the card with the asterisk (*) wins the trick. Z deals and turns up the King of Spades.

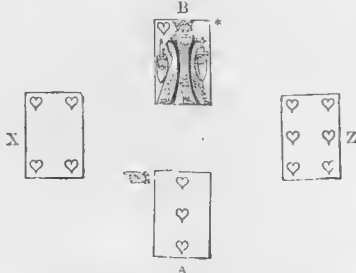
A's HAND.
Diamonds—Ace, 9, 3.
Hearts—Ace, 10, 9, 3.
Clubs—9, 6, 2.
Spades—Ace, 10, 5.

X's HAND.
Diamonds—Knave, 10, 7, 4.
Hearts—5, 4.
Clubs—Queen, 7, 3.
Spades—Queen, 9, 3, 2.

B's HAND.
Diamonds—King, 8, 5, 2.
Hearts—King, Knave, 2.
Clubs—Knave, 5, 4.
Spades—Knave, 6, 4.

Z's HAND.
Diamonds—Queen, 6.
Hearts—Queen, 8, 7, 6.
Clubs—Ace, King, 10, 8.
Spades—King, 8, 7.

TRICK 1.

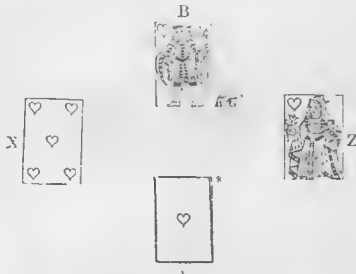


Trick 1.—Won by B. A B, 1; X Z, 0.

A leads from his strongest suit. Having four Spades to the Ace, he leads the lowest.

Inference.—1. The 2 of Hearts is in B's hand. X and Z, having played the 4 and 6 of Hearts, cannot hold it, unless they are calling for trumps; and if A had held it, he would have led it. 2. Z cannot hold the Ace of Hearts.

TRICK 2.

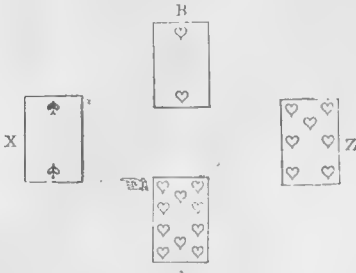


Trick 2.—Won by A. A B, 2; X Z, 0.

B, having originally only three of the suit, returns his partner's lead with the higher of his two remaining cards.

Inference.—B has one Spade in his hand, viz., the 2.

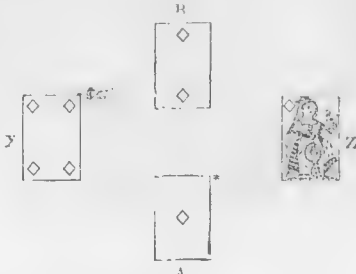
TRICK 3.



Trick 3.—Won by X. A B, 2; X Z, 1.

Inference.—A knows that the 8 of Hearts must be in Z's hand.

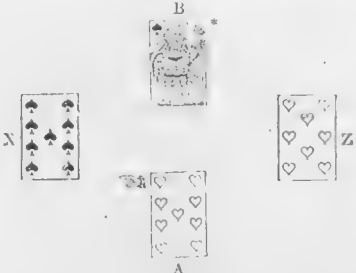
TRICK 4.



Trick 4.—Won by A. A B, 3; X Z, 1.

Inference.—A cannot have the King of Diamonds.

TRICK 5.

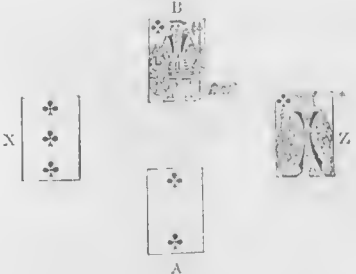


Trick 5.—Won by B. A B, 4; X Z, 1.

A, knowing Z to have the 8 of Hearts, leads the best Heart. X trumps with the 9, hoping to draw an honour from B.

Inference.—B cannot hold the 10 of trumps, otherwise he would not have put on the Knave.

TRICK 6.

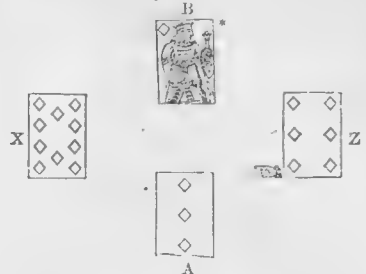


Trick 6.—Won by Z. A B, 4; X Z, 2.

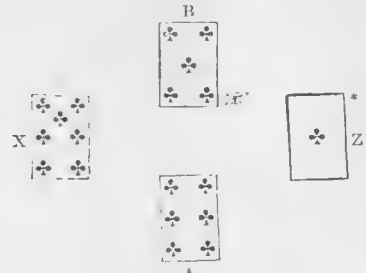
B's lead is almost compulsory. He has not sufficient strength in trumps to lead them, and fears to lead a Diamond up to X, the original leader of the suit (see Trick 4). Having three Clubs, headed by the Knave, he leads the Knave, in the hope of strengthening his partner's hand.

Inference.—X knows that his partner must hold the Ace of Clubs, as A cannot win the King, and B would not have led the Queen from Ace, Queen.

TRICK 7.

Trick 7.—Won by B. A B, 5; X Z, 2.
Z returns his partner's lead.

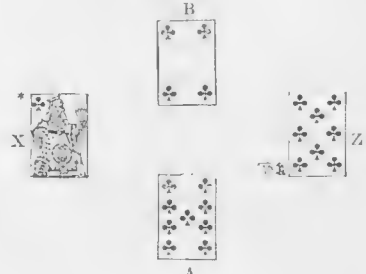
TRICK 8.



Trick 8.—Won by Z. A B, 5; X Z, 3.

B again leads Clubs. Having only two, he plays the higher. Inference.—Z knows the 4 of Clubs to be in B's hand. The other two players know it to be in B's or Z's.

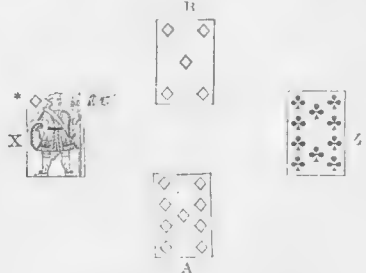
TRICK 9.



Trick 9.—Won by X. A B, 5; X Z, 4.

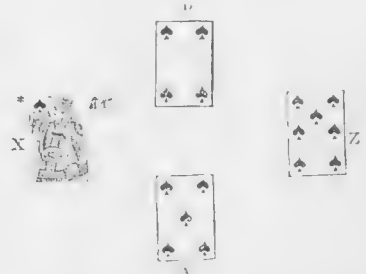
Z continues the Clubs, it being an even chance whether A or his partner hold the Queen.

TRICK 10.



Trick 10.—Won by X. A B, 5; X Z, 5.

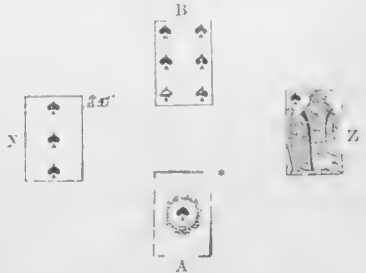
TRICK 11.



Trick 11.—Won by X. A B, 5; X Z, 6.

This is a somewhat curious trick. X takes the best chance of winning the game. He reasons thus:—All the Hearts and Clubs are exhausted, and there remain in ten trumps and two Hearts. He himself holds the Queen and a small trump and a losing Heart, the best Heart, the 8, being with B (see Trick 10), and the other two hands having three trumps each. Of these he knows the King of trumps, the turn-up card, to be with his partner, and also that B has not the 10 of his suit. If, therefore, Z has, in addition to the King, either Ace or 10, they must win the game, however the remaining cards lie. Similarly, in the event of his holding the 8, he will pass X's Queen, and if A win the trick with Ace, he must lead up to King and 8, which will equally win for X and Z. A, however, remembers the turn-up, and plays to the score. He refuses to win X's Queen, and by so doing compels the latter to lead up to his 10, Ace.

TRICK 12.



Trick 12.—Won by A. A B, 6; X Z, 6.

Trick 13 is won by A with the 10 of trumps, and A B win the odd trick and game.

WILD SPORTS.—The *New York Herald* of the 20th of November says:—The Earl of Dunraven, Captain Wynne, of the British army, and Mr. Kingsley, brother of Canon Kingsley, arrived in this city yesterday from St. Louis, and are at Brevoort House. They have been hunting grizzly bears and other heavy game for several months past in the wilds of Montana.

HORSE-BREEDING IN GERMANY.—The committee for horse-breeding of the Landes-Oekonomie-Collegium, now sitting at Berlin, has unanimously agreed that government prizes are indispensable if the home breeding of blood horses and racing is to be preserved without the corruption involved in the English betting system. The committee has also resolved that the breeding of blood horses is not only a gentlemanly sport, but that it is the most necessary condition for the proper development of all horse-breeding—that of farm horses included. The committee pronounced further in favour of the establishment of State committees for horse-breeding, especially of a Prussian committee.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

The following sketch of this famous actress, who recently retired from the profession, under circumstances which are briefly described in another page, is extracted from a recent number of the *Spirit of the Times*. It originally formed a portion of a work by Mr. Ireland on the New York stage, published in 1867. The *Spirit* believes that Miss Cushman has appeared on the stage but once in America subsequent to the last date given. In 1863, while on a visit home, she appeared once in Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Baltimore, and New York, for the benefit of the United States Sanitary Commission. The amount realised was something over \$8000.

It is generally conceded that Miss Cushman occupies the highest position ever awarded an American actress, and she certainly is the most widely known, the most distinguished and popular, if not the greatest and best, of all the native-born daughters of Thespis. She is descended from a genuine Puritan stock, her original ancestor in America, Robert Cushman, having delivered, within a year after the landing at Plymouth, the first sermon in this country now extant. Miss Cushman was born at Boston, in 1815, and the death of her father, a merchant of that city, left her mother with five children dependent on their own exertions for subsistence. Our heroine was the eldest, and on the 25th of March, 1830, first sung at a public concert in Boston, where her remarkably fine contralto voice and extraordinary promise attracted the attention of a gentleman, whose liberality placed her for three years under the tuition of Mr. Paddon, a noted music teacher of Boston. During the Woods' first visit there, Miss Cushman sang at one of their concerts, and Mrs. Wood was so favourably impressed with the quality of her voice and general capabilities that she recommended her to try the stage. Placing herself under the care of Mr. J. G. Maeder, on the 8th of April, 1835, she came out at the Tremont Theatre as the 'Countess,' in the *Marriage of Figaro*, with Mrs. Maeder as 'Susanna,' and on the 13th repeated the character with such success that Mr. Maeder immediately secured her an engagement as *prima-donna* for the New Orleans Theatre. After her arrival at New Orleans, her voice, from change of climate or injudicious attempts to extend its compass, became totally unavailable, and she was unable to appear. Although disheartened, her spirit was not crushed, and at the suggestion of Mr. Barton, the tragedian, she made her *début* for his benefit as 'Lady Macbeth.' Her success was triumphant, and she repeated the character several times. On her return to the North, her application for an engagement at the Park was coldly received, and her necessities, rather than her wishes, induced her to accept the liberal offers of Mr. Hamblin, by which she hoped to support her mother and family. Her appearance here (Sept. 12, 1835, as 'Lady Macbeth') was delayed by a long illness, and after the few nights' playing just recorded, she was again attacked by sickness, and before her convalescence the Bowery Theatre was destroyed by fire, and with it all her theatrical wardrobe. On the 23rd of April, 1837, she made her first appearance at the old National Theatre (then managed by Mr. Hackett) as 'Romeo,' followed during her engagement by 'Patrick,' 'Count Belino,' 'Lady Macbeth,' 'Elvira,' 'Queen Gertrude' (with Wallack's 'Macbeth,' 'Mercutio,' 'Rolla,' and 'Hamlet'), 'Meg Merrilies' (first played on May 8, 1837, and since world-renowned), 'Helen McGregor,' 'Alicia,' and 'Tullia,' in Payne's *Brutus*. In the fall of 1837 she was engaged as the leading stock-actress of the Park, where she first appeared as 'Patrick,' on the 26th of August. She was not at first considered an agreeable substitute for Mrs. Hilson and Mrs. Richardson, who had lately preceded her, but the force of her genius and her indomitable energy at last gained her the goodwill and admiration of the most fastidious. In 'Goneril,' 'Emelia,' and 'Queen Gertrude,' which she played with Mr. Forrest, she commanded great approbation, and somewhat later, when she appeared as 'Nancy Sykes,' in *Oliver Twist*, public opinion proclaimed her an actress of the highest grade. Miss Cushman afterwards removed to Philadelphia, and was at one time directress of the Walnut Street Theatre. On Mr. Macready's visit to this country, in 1844, she was brought from Philadelphia, at his request, to play with him at the Park Theatre, and her ambition rising with her success, she soon after determined on a visit to England, where, at the Princess's Theatre, in London, she made her first appearance as 'Bianca,' in *Fazio*, February 13, 1845. Again she triumphed, and her engagement at that theatre numbered eighty-four nights. After a career of extraordinary brilliancy Miss Cushman returned to her native land in 1850, and played a succession of engagements throughout the country, with the greatest *éclat*. In New York she appeared at Brougham's Lyceum, at the Astor Place Opera House, and at the old Broadway, where she took a benefit, announced as her farewell to the American stage, on the 15th of May, 1852. After another visit to England, Miss Cushman determined on again making a professional tour through the Union, and reappeared at Burton's New Theatre, as 'Bianca,' September 23, 1857. Among her assumptions during this visit, was that of 'Cardinal Wolsey,' being probably the first time that the character was ever personated by a female. Miss Cushman took her farewell benefit at Burton's as 'Lady Macbeth,' July 2, 1858, and made her final appearance in the same part on the 6th of the same month. Notwithstanding these leave-takings, Miss Cushman once more presented herself to a New York audience, at the Winter Garden, on the 1st of October, 1860. She then played forty-eight consecutive nights. Her final engagement there ended on the 9th of March, 1861, and during this period she played, for the first time in twenty years, her most truthful character of 'Nancy Sykes.' Her last appearance in New York was for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund Association, at Niblo's Garden, March 21, 1861, when she personated 'Lady Macbeth' to Edwin Booth's 'Macbeth.' She professed to bid a final adieu to the American stage at New Haven, June, 1861, and, in the following month, once more sailed for Europe, where her devotion to the cause of her country's Union was most honourably conspicuous during the dark days of the great rebellion. Of Miss Cushman's right to the position that the public voice of England and America has certainly awarded her, some fastidious critics have expressed serious doubts; indeed, she has been placed by them, in the scale of merit, below Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Mowatt, and Miss Emma Wheatley, though we doubt if either of them could have succeeded in those characters that she has made exclusively her own. But her masculine personal appearance entirely unfitted

her for many parts in which those ladies excelled, and it was as impossible for her to properly portray 'Juliet,' 'Ophelia,' 'Pauline,' or 'Viola,' as it was for her to look them. Not that she could not fully understand and appreciate them, but that she was denied the absolutely necessary physical requirements to render them satisfactory. Miss Cushman is tall and commanding in person, but somewhat ungraceful and awkward in her movements; her hair and complexion are fair; her chin is projecting and her nose *retroussé*; her expressive eyes of bluish grey are her finest features, and give an air of refinement to an otherwise plain and unattractive face. Her voice, originally deep and powerful, has become painfully weak and husky, and is now beyond her control in expressing the various shades of feeling with delicacy and distinctness. Her true *forte* is the character of a woman where most of the softer traits of womanhood are wanting, or, if not extinct, where they are only apparent in fitful gleams; or in characters where, roused by passion or incited by some earnest and long-cherished determination, the woman, for the time being, assumes all the power and energy of manhood. Such, for instance, are 'Nancy Sykes,' 'Meg Merrilies,' 'Katharina,' 'the Shrew,' and 'Christine of Sweden' (in a vaudeville called the *Two Queens*), which to our taste are the four best characters she ever played, and as near perfection as is possible in a stage representation. After these come 'Lady Macbeth,' 'Emelia,' 'Elvira,' 'Helen McGregor,' 'Alicia,' and a limited range of



MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

similar parts. In high comedy, Miss Cushman is bold, dashing, and forcible, but, again, lacking in all the finer attributes, the pleasing gaiety and winning graces of her sex. Her 'Lady Gay Spanker' (her original and most popular personation in comedy) was highly applauded, because it afforded great scope for display, and no one else had been seen in it; but she made her a boisterous hoiden, whom few daughters of an English earl would like to acknowledge as a specimen of the class. Her 'Constance,' in the *Love Chase*, had the same fault, and was vastly inferior to Mrs. Shaw's; her 'Lady Teazle' has been excelled by many actresses; while her 'Helen,' in the *Hunchback*, was so overacted as to seem little less than a laughing lunatic. She was fond of playing the parts of roguish boys; but her 'Cherubino' could not for a moment be compared with Mrs. Hilson's or Clara Fisher's—or her 'Aladdin' with that of Mrs. Barnes or Mrs. Skerrett. Topsy never was born; Miss Cushman no doubt was; that she was ever young, however, is a supposition difficult to be made. Not a particle of girlishness was ever seen in her face or displayed in her manners and deportment. She was always a grave, earnest, self-reliant woman, and her indomitable force of character is what has carried her through her difficult path, in spite of physical disadvantages and disheartening discouragements, to the topmost round of triumph. In private life, Miss Cushman is represented to be all that is amiable, estimable, and virtuous in woman.

The following remarks are from Tallis' *London Dramatic Magazine*:—"In kindling and uniting the hearts of a whole audience, in transmitting a stream of fire through a thousand brains at once, Miss Cushman has no superior. In characters that are rather mental than emotional—in the placid or subtle deductions of the intellect, we cannot rank Miss Cushman with Mrs. Butler (Fannie Kemble), nor in the expression of subdued feeling with Mrs. Kean or Helen Faucit; but, if she have not the thoughtfulness of one or the touching delicacy of the others, she is possessed, as it appears to us, of elements of grandeur which neither can lay claim to. In the last two acts of *Julia*, and in the whole portrait of 'Bianca,' she displays a quality, a variety, and an amount of emotion that we believe were never exceeded in any one performance. Here she quits all English rivalry, and challenges even Rachel."

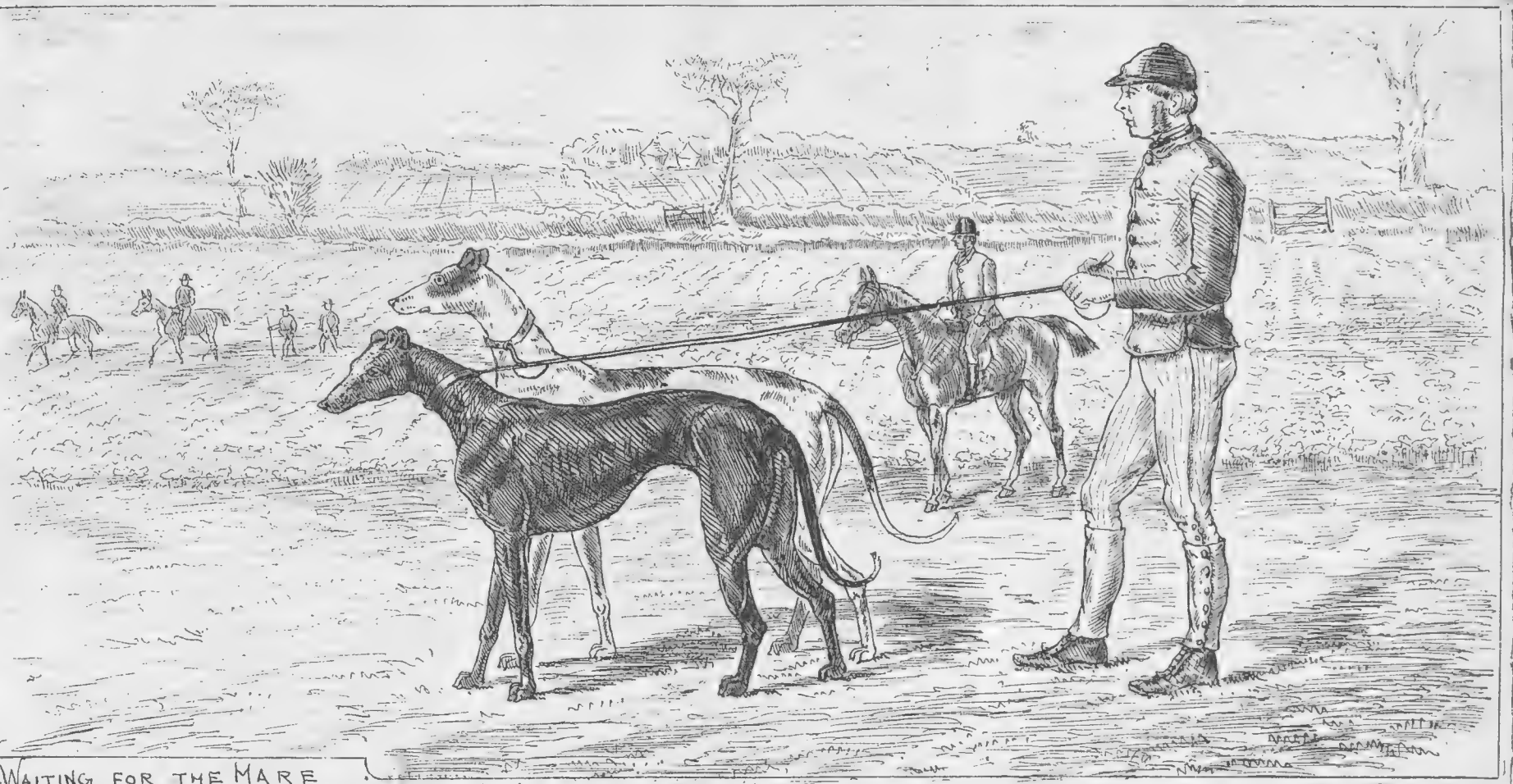
M. TASCHEREAU.—By the death of M. Taschereau, recorded a fortnight ago, the literary world of France has suffered no insignificant loss. As an author he is best known by his lives of Molière and Corneille, and by his editing of "Talleyrand des Réaux" and the "Grimm-Diderot Correspondence." He was also a frequent contributor to the *Temps* (the old journal of that name), the *Revue de Paris*, and the *Revue Française*. But his chief claim to distinction rests upon his sixteen years of skilful management at the National Library. To this post he arrived in rather a curious way. He published in the *Revue Rétrospective* of the 31st of March, 1848, a document entitled "Déclaration faite par M. * * * devant le Ministre de l'Intérieur au sujet de l'Émeute de 1839," in which, although no names are mentioned, it was shown that Blanqui had denounced the secret societies to the government. This publication made a sensation, and was of much assistance to Blanqui's opponents, such as MM. Barbès and Ledru-Rollin. It also made Taschereau a political personage, and he was elected to the Constituante for the department Indre-et-Loire. Here he at first sided with the moderate republicans, voting for the banishment of the Orleans family and for the candidature of Cavaignac. But later on, when sitting in the Assemblée Législative, he became an opponent of the republican party, and, in consequence, a favourite at the Elysée. After the *coup d'état*, he received the appointment of adjoint at the National Library. He at once undertook the management of the catalogue, and brought out the 11 volumes devoted to the history of France, the two volumes relating to medicine, and also those of Oriental manuscripts. In 1858, when M. Naudet resigned the post of chief librarian, Taschereau was named his successor. He proved a most despotic manager, abolishing vacations and compelling his assistants to work in a way they had not done before. His most useful reform was the introduction of the *carte* system, by which the serious and regular students were alone admitted to the Grande Salle, while idlers and the casual visitors were relegated to the gallery with the entrance in the rue Colbert. Taschereau was not very popular, and least of all with the journalists. His custom was, whenever he noticed the mildest criticism upon his management, to send a lengthy reply, which, according to French law, had to be inserted verbatim in the offending periodical. But he enjoyed, nevertheless, the friendship of many distinguished writers, and the esteem even of those who suffered by his brusque behaviour.—*Athenæum*.

A STORY OF A KISS.—The *Continental Herald* publishes the following story:—Very recently at Veveyse, in the canton of Freiburg, a young baker received a visit from two young girls whose object was to settle a bread account. In squaring the account there was a centime short, and the baker laughingly proposed to liquidate this balance by kissing the elder of the two sisters, who was 16 years of age, to which she acceded. This amused the youngest girl, who in her turn also received a kiss. When they returned home, they recounted the circumstance to their parents as a piece of pleasantry; but the father was by no means disposed to view the occurrence in this light. He immediately went off to consult the *curé*, who characterised the act as a scandal; the latter forthwith went to the syndic, and this functionary without loss of time mustered the whole communal council, and the affair began to assume colossal proportions. A charge of attempt at corruption was launched against the baker, and judicial proceedings were commenced. But the father of the young baker heard of what was passing, and warned his son, who judged it prudent to leave his business and the town, and take refuge in Geneva; but justice was not to be defeated, and the authorities of Freiburg demanded the extradition of the youth from the government of Geneva. He was given up, seemingly without hesitation, and was incarcerated in the prison of Châtel for 18 days before his case came on for hearing. The charge was eventually referred to the *chambre d'accusation*, who, however, declared that it was unfounded.

How many women are there in this world who can go on and talk about dresses and jewellery and presents as can Madame Janauschek, the actress? "These large carbuncles," said she, "set in gold and diamonds, and hung with chains of gold, were presented to me by the Turkish ambassador to Germany. This beautiful cross of diamonds and emeralds was a gift from the Princess Olgarth. And here is a crown—it is of solid gold and set with coral figures—it was given me by the Princess Alice of Darmstadt after a performance as 'Medea.' And here is a turquoise snake bracelet, with turquoise tongue, fastened with tiny chains of gold, and its scales are of pearls and diamonds; it was a gift from the Empress of Austria. These diamond *solitaire* earrings are valued at \$22,000; you see they are very large single stones; they were the royal gift of the King of Holland. And here is something I want you to remember; they are bracelets, necklace, and ear-rings made of Russian silver coins, fastened with gold chains; they are the gift of the wife of Nicholas, and the Empress, at one time, of Russia. When she went out riding, she used to have a sackful of coins, which she would throw to the people who stood along the way. She saved these for me. I was her guest at the time, and ordered them finished as you see them now. This ruby pin, the ruby alone (said to be one of the finest in the world) worth \$7000, with the pear-shaped pearl pendant, worth \$5000 more, and embellished with diamonds, is also a gift from a Grand-duchess of Russia."—*Arcadian*.

BICYCLE RACE.—A 50-mile race between Keen and Stanton took place on Monday at the Molineux Grounds, Wolverhampton, for £25 a side. Keen was the favourite, at 5 to 4 on. A good start was made, Keen taking and keeping a slight lead till about seven miles, when Stanton changed his machine, and allowed Keen to take the lead by one lap. This position lasted till the end of the 34th mile, when Stanton fell off his machine, hurting himself very badly. This deprived him of what little chance he had left, for it was evident the pace was too fast for him throughout. Time for the 10 miles, 35 min. 28 sec.; the quickest on record, Time for the 50 miles, 3 h. 9 min. 19 sec. About 7000 persons were present.

CHESS MATCH.—The great chess match between the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell and Mr. Weisker terminated on Monday in favour of Mr. Weisker. The final score stands thus:—Weisker, 7; Macdonnell, 4; drawn, 4; the terms of the match being the player who first scored seven games should be declared the winner of the match. Fifteen games in all were contested, beginning on Thursday, the 29th of October, and continuing every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, until the match was completed.



WAITING FOR THE MARE



BEATING THE TURNIPS



THE RUN UP

MISS CUSHMAN'S FAREWELL.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, whose portrait we give elsewhere, made her last appearance at New York, on November 7, in the character of "Lady Macbeth," before an immense audience, such as Booth's Theatre has seldom before contained.

The following interesting description of the proceedings appears in the *Spirit of the Times* of the 14th ult. :—

In the history of the American stage no parallel demonstration to the one enacted at Booth's Theatre on last Saturday night has ever taken place. It was a scene long to be remembered by those present. It will be spoken of hereafter as one of the most remarkable ovations ever paid to a member of the dramatic profession. The occasion was what was announced as the final appearance on the stage of Miss Charlotte Cushman. On reviewing the entire facts of the case, we must confess a doubt as to whether the multitude which gathered in and about Booth's Theatre were actually attracted by the popularity and genius of Miss Cushman, or by the masterly manner in which the "Farewell" was worked up by Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer. As early as seven o'clock the crowd began to fill Twenty-third Street at the corner of Sixth Avenue, and three hours later it was impossible for a pedestrian to make his way to the theatre through the surging mass of people, who blocked every approach to its entrances. Probably not less than ten thousand people were congregated about the theatre at one time. Within, a similar scene met the eye. The vast auditorium was packed from pit to dome. Every inch of standing room was filled, and ladies were content with seats in the highest gallery. Leading from the street to the Twenty-third Street entrance was reared a bower of fragrant and pungent evergreens, through the interstices of which was twined our nation's flag. Within, its starry folds enveloped the pillars and dropped in graceful folds above and around the proscenium boxes. The State banners hung listlessly around the galleries. The chandeliers upheld upon their strong arms autumnal leaves and rich bunches of grapes, which sparkled like carbuncles in the brilliant light which illuminated the theatre and fell upon the faces of the most prominent men and women of the city and State. The right-hand lower proscenium box bore the banner of the Army and Navy Club, and was occupied by Generals Hancock, Ingalls, Greer, McMahon, Bartlett, Prince, Gordon, Granger, Averill, and Col. Stewart. The opposite box bore the banner of the Arcadian Club, who had exerted themselves to make the affair successful, and was filled by our newly elected Governor, Samuel J. Tilden; Mr. W. H. Wickham, the Mayor-elect; William Cullen Bryant, R. H. Stoddard, Benjamin K. Phelps, District Attorney; and Mr. A. S. Sullivan. Gen. Craig and friend occupied another box, and Mr. Clarence A. Seward and family filled another. Elsewhere in the house could be seen the faces of Hon. Henry G. Stebbins, Hon. William M. Evarts, Charles Watrous, Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, Hon. B. W. Griswold, Peter Cooper, Abram S. Hewitt, Sidney Webster, A. M. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Shook, Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, Judge John R. Brady, Parke Goodwin, G. G. Haven, J. M. Bundy, Prof. R. Ogden Doremus, Clark Bell, S. N. Salomon, E. G. Thompson, B. K. Phelps, W. R. Travers, W. H. Vanderbilt, Col. John Hay, E. Agramonte, Albert Weber, J. N. Pattison, Charles Roberts, W. H. Hurlburt, William Stuart, Rufus Hatch, J. H. Beard, Homer A. Nelson, D. R. Locke, N. Sarony, P. S. Gilmore, Patrick H. Jones, Edwin R. Meade, G. Laurence Hutton, C. Delmonico, J. Wilson MacDonald, F. R. Stockton, Constant Mayer, Edward Moran, Harrison Millard, Thomas Le Clear, and H. B. Dodworth. The play performed was *Macbeth*, the cast which was as follows :—

Lady Macbeth.....Charlotte Cushman	Donalbain.....Miss Louisa Byron
Macbeth.....George Vandenhoff	Physician.....John Weaver
Macduff.....Frederick B. Warde	Gentlewoman.....Miss Emma Grattan
Duncan.....Edwin Sheppard	First Witch.....Charles Le Clercq
Banquo.....Charles Wheatleigh	Second Witch.....Miss Mary Wells
Malcolm.....Charles Rockwell	Third Witch.....J. W. Brutone
Hecate.....Miss Annie Kemp Bowler	First Apparition.....Frank Little
Ross.....E. E. Ralton	Bleeding Soldier.....H. C. Bridges
Lennox.....E. K. Collier	First Murderer.....J. Major
Seyton.....Stuart Bolton	Second Murderer.....T. Conner
Fleance.....Miss Lilly Naylor	

Matthew Locke's music, interpreted under the direction of Mr. Michael Connelly, leader of the orchestra; the songs, incantations, &c., by Miss Annie Kemp Bowler, Miss Mabel Lyndon, Miss Pauline Rutherford, Miss Maria Newman, Miss Jennie Dallimore, Miss Tillie Getchell, Miss Therese Phillips, Mr. Charles Pike, Mr. J. C. Chamberlain, Mr. W. E. Phillips, Mr. Charles Telbin, and members of the Crescent Singing Society.

When the curtain dropped upon the final *tableau* at eleven o'clock, the stage was hastily set as a spacious drawing-room. When it was rung up, it was filled with ladies and gentlemen. On one side were grouped the principal members of the Arcadian Club, members of the press, and invited friends, and on the other members of the company and representatives from all the theatres, prominent among whom were Mr. Lester Wallace, John T. Raymond, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Dion Boucicault, Mr. John Gilbert, Wm. Davidge, D. H. Harkins, George Clarke, H. J. Montague, Harry Beckett, Edwin Arnott, J. W. Carroll, J. B. Polk, F. B. Warde, Claude Burroughs, H. Tislington, Frederic Robinson, Miss Charlotte Thompson, Miss Gertrude Kellogg, Mdme. Ponisi, Miss Lillian Conway, Bijon Heron, Miss Lillie Eldridge, Miss Ione Burke, Miss Emily Soldene, Miss Annie Kemp Bowler, Miss Kittie Blanchard, and others. In the centre of the stage stood Miss Cushman. She was plainly attired in a pearl cashmere dress, and wore diamonds. Near her stood William Cullen Bryant and Prof. Roberts. After the applause had subsided, Prof. Roberts stepped out to the front, and read in a finished and effective manner an appropriate ode, written by Mr. R. H. Stoddard, of which the last two verses were as follows :—

"Bring laurel! Go, ye tragic Three,
And strip the sacred laurel tree,
And at her feet lay down,
Here, now, a triple crown.

Salve, Regina! Art and song,
Dismissed by thee, shall miss thee long,
And keep thy memory green—
Our most illustrious Queen."

Mr. William Cullen Bryant, one of the oldest, as we may also call him, one of the greatest, of living American poets, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, now made a brief address, at the same time presenting her with a crown of laurel.

Miss Cushman replied as follows :—

"Beggars that I am—I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you! Gentlemen—The heart has no speech—its only language is a tear or a pressure of the hand, and words very feebly convey or interpret its emotions. Yet I would beg you to believe that in the three little words I now speak—'I thank you'—there are heart-depths—which I should fail to express better—though I should use a thousand other words. I thank you, gentlemen, for the great honour you have offered to me—I thank you not only for myself, but for my whole profession—to which, through and by me, you have paid this very graceful compliment. (Applause.)

"If the few words I am about to say savour of egotism or vain glory, you will, I am sure, pardon me, inasmuch as I am here

only to speak of myself! You would seem to compliment me upon an honourable life. As I look back upon that life, it seems to me that it would have been absolutely impossible for me to have led any other. In this I have, perhaps, been mercifully helped more than are many of my more beautiful sisters in art. I was, by a press of circumstances, thrown at an early age into a profession for which I had received no special education or schooling—but I had already, though so young, been brought face to face with necessity. I found life sadly real—and intensely earnest—and in my ignorance of other ways of study, I resolved to take therefrom my text and my watchword; to be thoroughly in earnest—intensely in earnest, in all my thoughts and in all my actions—whether in my profession or out of it, became my one single idea. And I honestly believe herein lies the secret of my success in life. I do not believe that any great success in any art can be achieved without it!

"I say this to the beginners in my profession—and I am sure all the associates in my art, who have honoured me with their presence on this occasion, will indorse what I say in this—Art is an absolute mistress, she will not be coquetted with, or slighted—she requires the most entire self-devotion, and she repays with grand triumphs! (Vehement applause.)

"To you—gentlemen of the Arcadian Club—and to all who have united to do me honour—to the younger poet who has enthroned me in his verse—and to the older poet, who brings the prestige of his name and fame to add a glory to the crown he offers me—to the managers of this theatre who have so liberally met all my wishes and requirements during this engagement—as well as to the members of the company who have so cheerfully seconded my efforts; and last, not least, to the members of my profession who have so graciously added by their presence to the happiness of this occasion, I return my cordial thanks.

"To my public—what shall I say? From the bottom of my heart I thank you, who have given me always consideration, encouragement, and patience! Who have been ever my support, my comfort, my main help! I do not now say farewell to you in the usual sense of the word. In making my final representations upon the mimic scene, in the various cities of the country, I have reserved to myself the right of meeting you again, where you have made me believe that I give you the pleasure, which I receive myself at the same time, at the reading desk. (Great excitement.) To you, then, I say, may you fare well, and may I fare well, until, at no distant day, we meet again there. Meanwhile, good, kind friends, good night! and God be with you."

"Auld Lang Syne" was then sung, and the curtain finally fell upon Miss Cushman's last appearance. She was next conducted by a torchlight procession to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and serenaded by the Ninth Regiment band, while the vistas and spaces of Madison Square, fronting the hotel, were aglow with fireworks.

COURSING AT ALTAR;

WITH SOME HINTS FOR FUTURE GUIDANCE.

COURSING over the plains of Altcar is of a description such as can be witnessed on no other coursing ground in the Kingdom; and therefore it is not surprising that regret has often been expressed that the Waterloo Cup—now popularly and universally denominated the "Blue Riband of the Leash"—should be annually competed for over a ground the sole recommendation of which is the convenience of its locality for Irish and Scotch coursers, and the plentiful supply of hares it always produces. "The Altcar meadows," we are informed, "differ from the give-and-take country of the Berkshire and Wiltshire downs and Lincolnshire wolds, and from the ascending sweep of Newmarket Heath, in being a flat, intersected by large ditches, into which strange dogs are apt to plunge, and yield an easy victory to those of the district. A steam-engine pumps a great portion of the water up into the river, which bears it to the adjoining sea. The meadows are thus rendered dry enough for the judge to ride; and the spectators enjoy the sport either from the embankment along the river or on the plain itself. The drenching which strangers frequently encounter in their attempts to leap the ditches causes many an uproarious laugh." The Altcar Club itself was established in 1825 by the Earl of Sefton, then Lord Molyneux, who was a successful courser himself, and managed the field in person. None who have been privileged with a sight of those ardent coursers who essay vaulting over the soughs, with the aid of great flat-bottomed poles provided for a trifling pecuniary consideration by speculative natives of the district, will be disposed to contradict the truth of the concluding portion of the above extract. And it must be confessed, even at the risk of losing one's sporting reputation, that the mishaps and flounders which frequently befall those hapless adventurers with the vaulting-poles form a considerable portion of the amusement, and present a pleasing variety to the sometimes dreary monotony of the coursing. And it is astonishing to observe how, when one hair-brained fellow leads the way and comes to headlong grief, the others will follow, though to almost certain confusion, as if for the sole and sheer purpose only of causing diversion for the more sober-minded and more cautious populace—reminding one forcibly of Horace's

"Quo me, Bacche, rapistui
Plenum,"

though perhaps it might be ungenerous to imply a hint that a too devout worship at the shrine of the jolly God of Wine had any thing to do with the eccentricity of a vaulter of soughs from the neighbourhood of Liverpool.

Besides the objectionable nature of the ground, the coursing for the Waterloo Cup is open to the complaint that the hares are in such intolerable abundance that there is always danger of the greyhounds becoming separated after being let loose by the slipper, and of their having a tremendous gallop single-handed, to say nothing of the chance of their expecting that unnecessary performance on their way back to their trainer before they can be caught up. Then, again, the crowd that turns out upon the plains from Liverpool, composed chiefly of the Liverpoolian betting man *pur et simple*—about as objectionable a specimen of degraded humanity as can well be imagined—is of such vast extent in numbers and so unruly in behaviour as sometimes to prevent both judge and slipper from properly discharging their functions, and to render everything in the shape of fair play for hare and greyhounds next to impossible. In the absence of the Earl of Sefton, who, when present, is in himself a tower of strength in preserving order, it has happened before now that nothing short of a threat to discontinue the coursing altogether has had the desired effect of reducing the turbulent crowd to decent conduct, and of restraining them within proper bounds. It was only last year, in the deciding course between Muriel and Peasant Boy, and when not unnaturally intense excitement was manifested, that Mr. Warwick, the judge on the occasion, was seized by his legs and almost dragged from his horse. Peasant Boy was a "sensation" greyhound, had been made "the people's favourite," and his undoubted overthrow by Mr. Jardine's fleet and more clever Muriel was a circumstance so wholly unexpected, and so clearly against prophecy and the most artistic calculations, that the Lancastrians—as represented by the Liverpool betting

fraternity—turned a 'coursing' field for the nonce into a sort of pandemonium.

It is not to be denied that betting in connection with coursing is increasing to such an extent as seriously to endanger the continued popularity of that otherwise excellent sport. It must have grieved the heart of many a staunch old patron of coursing to see day after day in the newspapers a publication of the odds on the different nominations, and to observe the fluctuations in the money market faithfully chronicled by officious horse-racing prophets, according to their custom in matters connected with the Derby or the St. Leger. That this publication of betting lists should be suffered is unfortunate in more ways than one, for it leads to no end of shuffling of the cards in the matter of the nominations, and opens an unnecessarily wide door for the operations of that noble band of brothers known in "betting circles"—"aderat fortuna etiam ubi artes defuissent"—as the *cognoscenti*. Then we are favoured with the names of the probable representatives for the nominators, and after some particular greyhound has been made first favourite, we are left in the dark even up to the moment of the draw as to the name of the gentleman the animal will run for, and whether "business" is meant with him or not.

"The foundation-stone of the present coursing popularity," we read in the "Annual Register," "was laid by the late Lord Oxford, and the superstructure completed by the exertions of different amateurs, who have been so individually anxious in the improvement of the breed (of greyhounds) that it may fairly be concluded to have at length reached the utmost summit of possible perfection; and the pedigrees of the most speedy and celebrated greyhounds now began to be recorded with as much care and precision as the thorough-bred horses on the Turf." The unhappy association of the thorough-bred horse with the best breed of greyhound has most unfortunately led to a pursuance of the same tactics with the one as with the other; and over the Waterloo Cup the betting is now becoming as fast and furious as that upon any great horse-race in the Kingdom. And the annual great coursing meeting at Altcar, taking place during the month of February—the "silly season" for bookmakers—comes most opportunely for the betters; for then it is that betting on horse-racing is confined mainly to investments on suburban steeple-chasers; and it is a perfect windfall to the racing prophets who "prognosticate" and "retrospect" about everything whereon a shilling can be ventured, and is as serviceable to them as the proverbial shower of frogs and the Brobdingnagian gooseberry to their brethren of a more respectable vocation in sensational literature in a drier season. No doubt owners of large kennels of greyhounds would not be content to run their animals for the mere chance of winning any individual stake, no matter of how great value it might be, and that they will bet among themselves, and the spectators with them, is as certain as that they will course at all. But at Ashdown Park or Amesbury—where, by the way, far more legitimate coursing is to be witnessed than at Altcar—we have no published list of betting quotations to guide or hoodwink us in making any pecuniary investments, and whatever is done in the betting way takes place after the draw dinner, and in a manner not calculated to shock the fastidiousness of the most straight-laced, and with a hearty genuineness which there is no mistaking. The concourse on the downs, too, though sufficiently numerous, is never either unmanageable or vociferous, and a course is hardly ever spoiled by a too eager and unhealthy curiosity of an obtrusive mob of roughs.

Gambling, as has been remarked, is as common at the headquarters of coursing as on the race-course, and the objections and arguments *pro* and *con* are applicable equally to each field of sport. "That Turf gambling," says the Earl of Wilton, "has arisen from horse-racing must be admitted, and to a very alarming extent; but it does not belong to racing as a sport. It does not seem fair, then, to lay the blame wholly there. Whether anything can be done to mitigate the evil seems a question of great difficulty; some have proposed to bring betting within the pale of the law. This would not do away with the fact; it would only occasionally expose different forms of roguery. But the evil consists not in the betting so much perhaps as in the infamous devices resorted to in order to influence the betting. The evil might work its own cure if those in high places would eschew it themselves, and lend no countenance to it in others; but that at present seems an impossible position. Perhaps when the principles of betting are more clearly understood, it might deter many from entering upon the career; but, alas! the example extends, and, for all practical purposes, the solution seems as far off as ever, for there are so many who depend upon the fruits of betting for a living that any arbitrary attempt to stop it would inevitably prove a failure." And a writer in the *Quarterly* says, "Woe befall the day when Englishmen look lightly on such desperate inroads upon public morals as have lately passed under their eyes at race-courses. Do they lose sight of the fact that whoever commits a fraud is guilty, not only of the particular injury to him whom he deceives, but of the diminution of that confidence which constitutes the very existence of society?" The Earl of Wilton was right when he said that any arbitrary attempt to put a stop to betting would prove in ignominious failure; and we have only to point to the endeavours of Mr. Thomas Hughes in this direction to show the correctness of his Lordship's views on the subject. One thing, however, is certain and satisfactory, and that is that as regards coursing the most aristocratic patrons of the sport look with an eye of evident disfavour upon betting as prosecuted at Altcar, and do not hesitate to express their opinions to that effect whenever a too flagrant offender comes under their notice. And when an inflection, in the way of some stinging sarcasm upon any peculiar manipulation on the part of the betting attorney of a "division," the worthy individual cannot boast that it is done "magna comitante caterva." Rather—

"Wise men applaud us when we eat the eaters,
As the devil laughs when keen folks cheat the cheaters."

And this, as has been practically remarked of the late and celebrated Mr. John Gilpin, "brings me to the middle of my song."

The dinner, at which the draw for the Waterloo Cup takes place, was for many years held at the Waterloo Hotel, the proprietor of which, the late Mr. Lynn, acted in the capacity of secretary. A *gourmand* might well be allowed a slight digression here while he descanted in glowing terms upon the general excellence of those famous draw dinners at the Waterloo, and on that of the turtle soup in particular. But with the death of Mr. Lynn the glories of the Waterloo Hotel—so far only as regards coursing—have passed away. The number of those desirous of being present at the dinner increased in proportion to the spread of the betting mania, and a wider arena was found to be necessary for the accommodation of the hungry multitude. The Adelphi Hotel has of late years therefore been fixed upon as affording more convenient space; and in justice to the management of that hotel many gratified partakers thereof have expressed their unqualified approval. It is very satisfactory to be able to recount such a circumstance; for a good draw dinner is an excellent thing in its way; and it is not only a fair avowry of the quality of the coursing, but also serves to put everybody in good temper, and on friendly terms with himself and all around him.

"Après moi le déluge!" That is to say, after the dinner there comes an unwholesome deluge of betting men anxious—nay, thirsting and ravenous—to hear the list of the draw read out,

in order that the earliest opportunity may be taken advantage of for "getting on" to the good things. In Mr. Lynn's days a number of benches was arranged at the bottom of the room, and the "fraternity" were allowed to come in and occupy these while the momentous proceeding of reading out the list took place. On one memorable occasion the Earl of Stair, who occupied the chair, observing the dilatoriness of some of the guests, and having before experienced the impatience of the Liverpoolian betting man's temper, called out, "Gentlemen, I hope you will not think me unnecessarily presuming and officious if I request you to get through what remains of the dinner as soon as possible. I only wish to have the cloth removed, and the wine put upon the table, after which I shall have no desire to hurry you in any way. My reason for making this request is because there is a lot of betting men waiting to come in to hear the draw read out. I do not myself see what betting has to do with coursing at all; but as these fellows have always been allowed to be present at the reading over, it seems a little hard on them to keep them waiting longer." Considering the quality of this fresh influx of visitors, matters, it is but fair to state, were conducted with great regularity and decorum, proving that even that order of human animal can conduct itself with some sort of decency when not brought into actual conduct with the greyhounds. Who would suppose that such a comparatively lamb-like company could turn out in reality to be such ravening wolves on the morrow?

But before the dinner a very important proceeding in connection with coursing, and which more or less affects the whole coursing world, takes place, and that is no less than the annual meeting of the National Coursing Club. This club is to coursing very much like what the Jockey Club is to horse-racing, and the Marylebone Cricket Club to cricket. Its meeting and regulations, therefore, are always looked forward to with great interest by all genuine coursing men, and with not a little dismay, frequently, by those who have misgivings concerning any peculiar transactions they may have been guilty of performing during the season. It cannot be denied that, despite the general usefulness of the club, its sittings have sometimes been productive of not a little amusement to the outside world, and its resolutions not characterised by any particular amount or display of that wisdom which we are accustomed to expect from the deliberations of such august assemblages. In one or two very important matters we are in fact in a complete fog, and in the case of a postponement of a coursing meeting in the accident of a frost after a draw, we are still at a loss to understand the law concerning a change of representative greyhounds and, yet worse, we do not know whether a meeting can be legitimately postponed at all after it has been once fixed to take place at a certain time and place. At the last meeting of the club, before the draw for the Waterloo Cup, the proceedings generally were of a very trivial and unimportant character. "And no steps were taken to provide against any misunderstanding in the contingency of frost rendering a postponement desirable after the completion of the entry and draw. Does the draw (and consequently the entry), once completed, stand good, like the nominations, or does it become void if there be no running in the current week?"

All sportsmen who take any interest in coursing will remember the protest of Mr. W. G. Borron, in 1870, against the postponement of the meeting on account of frost; and no doubt the National Coursing Club have endeavoured—or rather, fancy they have made a successful endeavour—to render matters concerning that *questio verata* plain to the understanding of the meanest capacity. If, however, they were to take sweet counsel with the "betting circles," they would probably be astonished to find that the misunderstanding as regards postponement is as complete and unsatisfactory as ever. It is true that the conditions of running for the Cup have been rendered somewhat more intelligible since Mr. Borron first made a commotion in the matter; and now we know that the Waterloo Cup must be competed for under the "National rules, except that nominations will not be void by postponement." But how very vague and unexplanatory is this! Of a truth, the regulations of the National Coursing Club must be interpreted according to their spirit rather than to their actual wording. So construed, a postponement may take place indefinitely, so long as frost continues. But may a postponement be determined upon after the draw has taken place? And if so, supposing the representative greyhound of any nominator meanwhile goes amiss, is he then entitled to fill up his nomination with the substitution of another candidate? And as in all probability he would not be allowed to do this, but would be compelled to send in his nomination, how is the betting on the disabled candidate to be regulated? For let not the National Coursing Club lay the flattering unction to their hearts that they are going to make laws and pass resolutions for Liverpool coursing without paying the strictest regard to the interests of the betting men. And do they not see that under their present indistinctness their rules are liable to misconstruction of every kind, favourable and unfavourable, and that a door is being opened for the perpetration of such fraud as a true sportsman would shudder so much as to contemplate? Unfortunately, all coursing men are not sportsmen in the correct meaning of the term, and, therefore, since betting is so intimately associated with and allied to the sport in connection with the Waterloo Cup, legislation must be carried out so as to have no uncertainty on the minds of any who may regard it only as a convenient "medium" for making money by speculation. And how many, it may be not impudently asked, make bets on the issue of the Waterloo Cup who have never seen a greyhound in their lives, and who care as much about the breed of that animal as they do about the fifth wheel of a coach? Happy circumstance was it for the Earl of Sefton, and all concerned, that no frost stopped proceedings this year in the coursing at Altcar, for if it had, goodness knows into what inextricable confusion matters would have been thrown, and how ineffectual were the present laws to place them in an intelligible form. It is to be hoped that before another cup is competed for, all these things will be adjusted in a manner not to be misunderstood, and that the committee who hold their annual session in Piccadilly will, after considering the present unsatisfactory nature of their laws, devise a suitable reform. As affairs stand under the existing government, "King Frost" rules an absolute autocrat.

A new judge was appointed at the recent meeting at Altcar—Mr. Hedley, *vice* Mr. Warwick, deposed, after a reign of varying prosperity of twenty years. The Scotchmen have long been desirous of appointing Mr. Hedley to this envious post, and now they have carried their motion. Mr. Warwick was arraigned—not exactly at bar—for having caused the flags to be reversed after giving his decision in a course between High Tower and Master M'Turk, at the Barton-upon-Humber Meeting in October last year. The club ruled that they could not interfere with the case, the question being one that ought to have been decided by the stewards at the time. Mr. Swinburne, in 1870, at a sitting of the club, said: "It was not desirable for a judge to ask other people's advice. It would be better to fix the whole responsibility upon the judge, and not let him confer with the slipper;" and Mr. Edleston "did not think the judge should be allowed to borrow anybody's eyes." Lord Lurgan then said, "The great thing is, that the judge shall arrive at his decision

promptly." And upon the suggestion of Mr. Bake, an alteration was made in Rule 17, to the effect, that a judge before giving his decision "shall be careful to satisfy himself that the course is ended." But Mr. Warwick's offence consisted in the reversal of his decision, and that is as unusual, nay, unprecedented, in coursing as in cricket. Some latitude, however, should be allowed to a coursing judge in certain circumstances. Promptitude in deciding immediately after a course is certainly very desirable, and in most cases it should be strictly obeyed; but a judge cannot always observe this rule. Instances have occurred when a decision has been impossible until the greyhounds have been brought before the judge after the course. And in the case of a course between two black greyhounds, though they may have worn the distinguishing badges of red and white collar respectively, the judge has been unable to decide until he has had a close inspection; and, therefore, the rule should be that he make his decision as promptly as possible in such cases, and the *fiat* once given should be unalterable.

"On revient toujours à ses premiers amours." Betting, as at present carried on, is the great objection to Altcar coursing, and this, so far from being diminished by the occasional strictures passed up it, is becoming every year more and more extensive. So long as the publication of betting lists on probable representatives for the various nominators continues, it appears idle to hope, or to expect, that any improvement on this state of things can happen. But how would the matter be if every holder of a nomination were compelled by the rules of the club to run a greyhound from his own kennel, and *bona fide* his own property? There are hundreds of excellent greyhounds all over the country who never have a chance of competing for the Waterloo Cup; and the "market riggers" make it their very lucrative business to state that Mr. This or Mr. That is certain to enter such and such an animal for his nomination. There are, and have been, many nominators who possess no kennels of their own, and they beat all the country over to find a "sensation" dog to fill their name. This practice, so purely speculative, seems to strike at the very root of coursing as a sport, and smacks most unwholesomely of "jobbery." How unsportsmanlike it looks, that "us" before the competitor! And what a strong hint does it give of a pleasant little pecuniary "arrangement" between owner and nominator in case of winning!

How satisfactory it is to find men like Mr. W. G. Borron, Dr. Hitchman, and many others, entering no greyhounds but those from their own kennels. It is a positive pleasure to see the first-named gentleman riding his grey horse, and following up the coursing at Altcar, for there is no stauncher or more straightforward courser in the United Kingdom.

"There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust."

So unprincipled does Mr. Borron consider it to enter any greyhound for the Waterloo Cup but one from his own kennel that he actually entered this year his famous old Black Knight, an animal now in his fifth season. It is quite delightful to read that the rare old dog ran with all the fire of a puppy, winning gallantly two courses, and defeating Mr. Lister's renowned Ceresus, one of the very foremost of favourites last year. Dr. Hitchman was represented by Hiawatha, and the doctor himself wrote thus concerning the chance of his greyhound: "I know him to be the best I have, and abstaining on principle from running the dog of any other gentlemen, I have not subjected him to any *private* trials, as it would have served no useful purpose. He has once only been defeated by a dog of his own year, and this defeat he retrieved by leading and beating his *quondam* victor. He was beaten at Patshull by an aged dog, Besieger, after winning two courses; but since then he won the Beauchamp Cup at Worcester. Hiawatha has thus run ten courses in public, and won eight; he has killed nearly every hare to which he has been shipped. I do not expect him to beat Peasant Boy or Muriel, but I anticipate that he will acquit himself respectably." Mr. Todd would have been glad of a better representative than Britannia, although that dog is a son of Bendimere and Bagot, "only he thinks that every nominator should either run a dog of his own or return the nomination to the committee." These gentlemen are fair specimens of the genuine coursing sportsman, and there are happily many others like them. The opinion that a nominator should run only his own dog, it is but fair to dissenters to say, has only gained ground of late years, and in many instances it has been entertained after an experience of the impropriety of pursuing a different line of policy. If all nominators followed the example of the gentlemen above, we might say to the speculator on probabilities—

"Canst thou not cease, inventive as thou art,
And subtle, from the whiles which thou hast loved
Since thou wast infant, and from tricks of speech
Delusive, even in thy native land?"

for the field for the display of prophecy and for the prosecution of betting by means of trading on possible starters would then be, necessarily, very considerably circumscribed.

Coursing is pre-eminently a gentlemanly amusement, and therefore it should be followed in a gentlemanly manner. Did it ever strike an attentive observer that ladies are comparatively unknown on the Altcar plains? Not so it is at Ashdown Park, where the ladies Craven have always taken the greatest interest in the sport, and have ridden a course over the grand old Berkshire downs. The presence of ladies at field sports acts as a wonderful *censor morum* to many rough and ardent spirits, who would, but for such restraining influences, frequently transgress the strict bounds of decorum both in speech and action. Speech, quotha?

"Rude are they in their speech
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace,
And therefore little do they grace their cause
In speaking for themselves."

"Coursing," says the Earl of Wilton, "can boast of many high names among those who have encouraged and entered into the sport themselves. There have also been female coursers, who have devoted themselves to the sport. Queen Elizabeth was passionately fond of it. But the name of Ann Richards, living at Compton Beauchamp, near Ashdown Park, in Berkshire, will ever be remembered among those who have thrown themselves into the diversion with the utmost devotion. Riding being prohibited, except among a privileged few, at Altcar, it cannot be expected that the ladies will ever be enabled to appear in any number; but it must be admitted that their absence tends to give the whole affair a sombre business-like appearance, that is not at all healthy, or in accordance with our romantic notions of a coursing field.

An opinion has prevailed for a long time—and the general result of coursing, not only at Altcar, but also throughout the Kingdom, has abundantly justified it—that three-year-old greyhounds are, as a rule, useless in prize coursing. Up to the commencement of the Waterloo Meeting this year, Mr. Briggs's famous bitch Bed of Stone, and Lord Lurgan's yet more celebrated Master M'Grath alone, out of all the greyhounds that have competed for it, have succeeded in winning the cup when in their third season. Master M'Grath, it will be remembered, was actually in his fourth season when he won the cup the third

time. Cerito, it is true, won it the third time; but in the days of that canine wonder the stake did not consist of sixty-four dogs, and was not at all like what we now call the Waterloo Cup. Greyhounds not only become stale after their second season; but they also frequently grow amazingly cunning, and when opposed to an antagonist possessed of superior pace, they are not unlikely to put into fatal practice any dodge they may have acquired by experience. Running the line of the hare should be the first of all requisites in match coursing; and the greyhound that fails to obey this rule stands in great jeopardy as far as winning goes. There can be very little doubt that Master M'Grath would have won the cup in his third season, as well as in his first, second, and fourth, had he not been "got at" before his third trial, when he suffered such an ignominious defeat.

Magnano, the winner of this year, is a third-season greyhound, and so little was thought of his chance that not a single prophet mentioned his name in his list of probable victors. Yet Magnano won all his courses unmistakably, and not a doubt has been expressed concerning the correctness of his victory. It is satisfactory to state that he ran for and under his real owner's nomination, and that that owner, Mr. Morgan, is as straightforward and honourable a courser as ever contended for the Waterloo Cup. It must be eminently gratifying to that gentleman to obtain the summit of his coursing ambition, and to receive the congratulations of his friends and the public. It is the great object of every courser to win the highest honours of the leash once in his lifetime, it is to be presumed; but how any man can derive any satisfaction from winning it with a greyhound which is the property of another man, which represents only his nomination, and in which he has no farther interest than a pecuniary one, seems to an ordinary observer to be quite incapable of any kind of explanation. "Desire of riches," says Hobbes, in the "Leviathan," "is covetousness, a name used always in signification of blame: because men contending for them are displeased with one another attaining them; though the desire in itself be to be blamed or allowed, according to the means by which these riches are sought. Ambition, which is a desire of office or precedence, is a name used also in the worst sense for the reason before-mentioned." There is this at least to say in praise of coursing and ambitious coursers, that no gentleman thinks it beneath his dignity to let his own name appear upon the coursing card and in the newspapers. Whatsoever tactics he may adopt, or to whatsoever straits he may be driven in order to procure a crack greyhound for his nomination, he is never ashamed openly to avow them by the sanction of his own name. How comes it that gentlemen oft think it desirable to adopt an assumed name upon the Turf, while they never dream of doing such a thing in coursing? Would an enthusiastic admirer of the latter sport be justified in drawing from this fact the conclusion that coursing is a more respectable amusement than horse-racing? and that there is less of the trickery and of gambling in coursing than in the kindred sport? Let it be the chief concern, then, of the National Coursing Club to care that the fine old English sport, of which they are the legislators and head court of appeal, does not deteriorate into a mere trade by which bookmakers are mostly benefited; so that before long we may be able to say of it "totus teres atque rotundus." A. H. M.

CANOE.

THE following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the *Daily News*—

Sir,—Your interesting notice this morning of Mr. Bishop's canoe cruise in America may perhaps be supplemented by some remarks on the popular pastime of canoeing. The Royal Canoe Club has elected more than 400 members, who have possessed about 600 canoes of various builds suitable for foreign travel, racing, sailing, or general cruising. Although many members have left the club in different ways, the committee has not yet heard of any one of these who has lost his life while canoeing in any of the long cruises made at home or through Europe, or in Egypt and other parts of Africa, or in America, China, Japan, New Zealand, Australia, the Holy Land, and various distant islands. Three flourishing branches of the club exist in Liverpool, Cambridge, and Hull, and there are separate canoe clubs on the Clyde and the Forth and in the United States; canoe races are frequent, and lately canoes with four men in each have become popular, while not a few ladies are ardent canoeists, and some are members of the club. Even young children not eight years old find this form of boating quite within their powers. Lately we had accounts in two daily newspapers published (in English) in Japan of a race there between nineteen Englishmen in canoes, and one of our members took his canoe to the Polar regions with the American expedition to those parts. Some of the canoes are so large as to afford sleeping room, and, in fact, to perform the duties of little yachts. Others are specially adapted to sailing as well as paddling in rough seas, built on the excellent model of Mr. W. Baden Powell (who is not a reverend gentleman, but a hearty sailor, with seven years of professional nautical experience). Other canoes more readily portable for journeys requiring land portage are built on the *Rob Roy* model, and others on that of the *Ringleader*, with special adaptation. Wood is almost universally the material employed, whatever be the form, but paper canoes also are used in America, and it is my opinion that the best canoe for rough wear would be made from the cork-leather used now for chakos in the army and for military pontoons. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who is Commodore of the Royal Canoe Club, has used several canoes, and one of these, which belonged to the Prince Imperial of France (also a member), was saved from the fire at St. Cloud, and is now (I believe) in this country. The cruise of Mr. Bishop along the American shore is not a long one compared with many others which have been successfully accomplished, but all his British brothers of the paddle will wish him every success in his paper boat. Torpedoes occupy much attention in naval circles. Surely a bold canoeist in time of war could readily, on a dark night, and without any noise (such as rowing necessitates), place a torpedo alongside the largest ironclad afloat.

Your obedient servant,

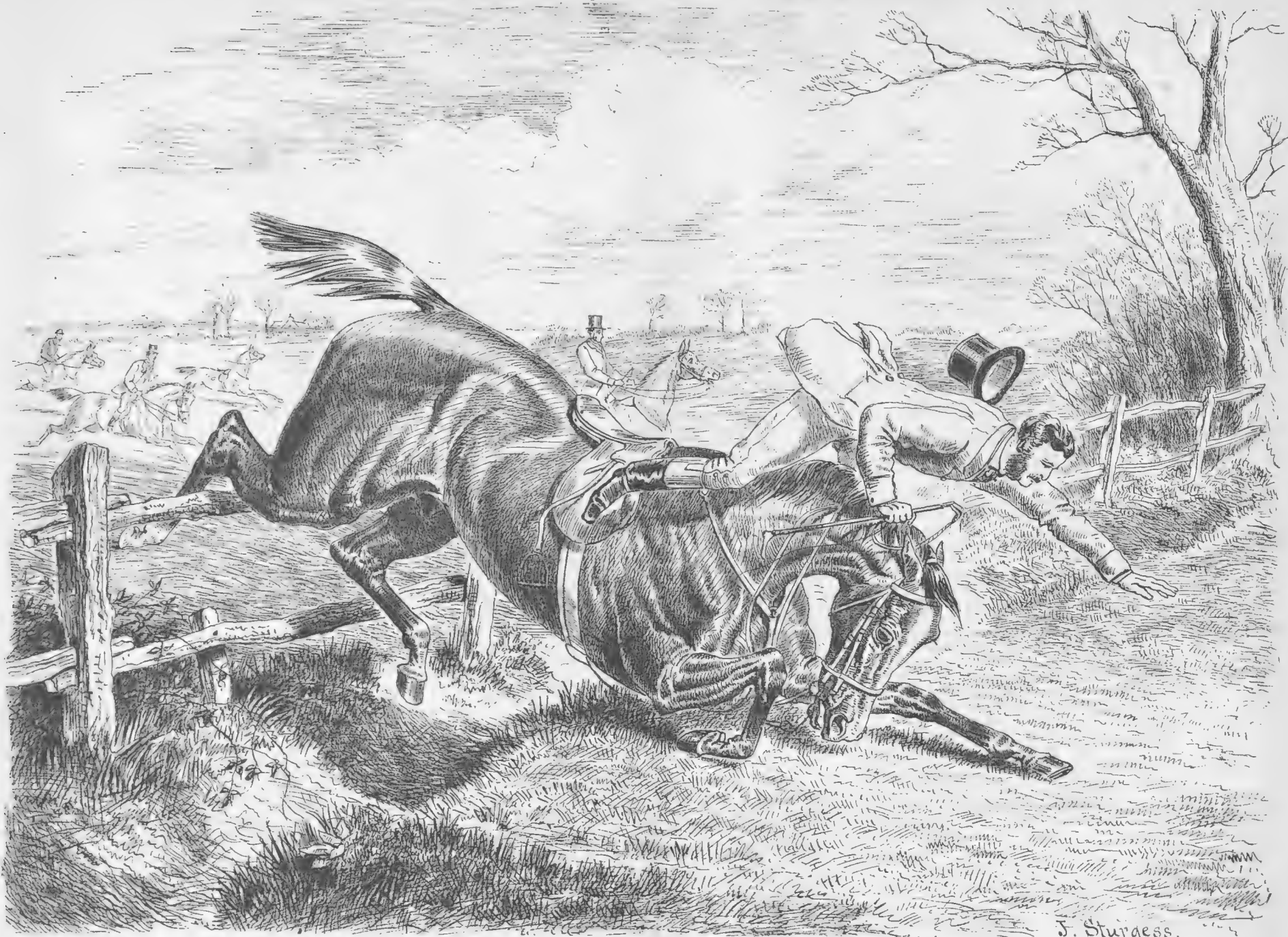
THE CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL CANOE CLUB.

Athenaeum, Nov. 23.

BATTLE IN BELGIUM.—On the 8th ult. there was a grand battle at Belœil, the seat of the Prince de Ligne, president of the Belgian Senate. His Royal Highness the Comte de Flandre, the English, Austrian, and German Ambassadors, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, the Dukes and Princes of Croy, and several other representatives of the highest French families, were present. Seven hundred and twenty-eight head of game fell, among which were 250 pheasants, 350 hares, and 70 rabbits.

EPH'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled JAMES EPH'S & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly. Works for Dietetic Preparations, Euston Road and Camden Town.—[ADVT.]

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—To be had of chemists, 2s. 6d. per box, eight powders. These powders will be found the best remedy for horses' coughs, colds, sore throats, influenza, &c., and, as they are given in a bran mash, will be found the best means of giving medicines and obviating the danger of choking, so liable in giving a ball when horses are suffering from sore throat, &c.—[ADVT.]



COME TO GRIEF.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER XXI.

DURING the last few years there has been a mania for shows; we have had dog shows, donkey shows, baby shows, bird shows, cat shows, flower shows, and last, not least, horse shows. There can be no doubt that such exhibitions are highly beneficial, as they tend to improve the breed of at least the canine, asinine, feline, and equine races, a consummation, barring the cats, devoutly to be wished for, more especially in the last mentioned case. For the last five-and-forty years the exportation of horses from England into France, Russia, America, Austria, and Germany, has been very great, and in the year 1830, 522 horses were sent from this country into France. During that year Baron Biel, who was one of the greatest supporters of the Turf in Germany, and one of the largest public breeders, purchased upwards of 30 thorough-bred English mares of the best blood, in addition to the well-known horse, the General, once so much talked of at Newmarket, whose stock was very fine. On behalf of the Swedish government, Colonel Liljestolpe and M. Beyer also during that year purchased some of the stoutest and soundest of our horses; Count Woronzow also increased his Russian stud by importations from England, an example followed by the Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, who, from the high price he gave, and the blood he selected, soon established the finest stud on the Continent. John Avery, Esq., of Hickeysford, Virginia, who was the purchaser of Godolphin, and many valuable mares, had the misfortune to have them all killed on their passage to America. Among others who were the first to improve their breed of horses may be mentioned Baron Hertzfeldt, Baron Löwenberg, and Count Sezechinze. Since that year the annual exportation has not only increased wonderfully, but the prices given by foreigners for English horses and mares appear to be almost fabulous, and it is therefore high time that our countrymen should, in a national point of view, come forward and preserve a breed of race-horses, hunters, hacks, carriage and cavalry horses, that once defied the world. One of the most important advantages connected with horse shows is that it puts every breeder upon his mettle to procure the very best blood, and if he has failed to attend to the most important point, the error is discovered when he finds his animals pass unnoticed without prize or recommendation. It often happens that men consider, because they have been led to give large prizes, that their horses are the "wonder of wonders," as a Yorkshireman named one of his roadsters; and it is only by competition that the conceit can be taken out of these moneyed men. Upon the subject of price very little substantial information is to be derived; for even if one horse formed a criterion for the value of another, still the circumstances under which they are sold are so very different that the better horse is often obtained for the smaller price. Neither does one description of horse form any guide in the purchase of another; no one in buying a race-horse would reason as to his price by analogy to what he paid for a roadster; nor, again, will the price of the cart-horse be any guide in purchasing a hunter; therefore, independently of the circumstances attending each sale, every class of horse must have a separate scale of prices. The value of a race-horse is difficult to define; we know of noblemen and gentlemen of the present day giving 2000 guineas for yearlings, and 9000

or 10,000 guineas for three-year-olds; hunters, too, vary much in price, depending upon the whim of the purchaser, the independence of the seller, and the character of the horse. A fashionable stud from Melton will command large fancy prices, while equally good horses from the "shires" will just realise their real value. No one will suppose that the celebrated buggy horse Coventry, for which, if I mistake not, Lord Ongley gave 1000 guineas, was intrinsically worth that sum; for whatever might be his symmetry and action, they could scarcely bear anything like a relative proportion to the price; and if a buggy horse can be purchased for 50 or 60 guineas which can trot 12 or 14 miles an hour in harness, what more could Coventry do if the owner had given 10,000 guineas for him? As Hudibras well said;

"The intrinsic value of a thing
Is just the sum that it will bring;"

and to ascertain the real value of a horse, be he hunter, hack, or for harness, is to ascertain, not what the dealers sell him for, but what he will realise when offered for sale. This is the *audi alteram partem* of which we hear so much in the course of our progress through the world, and it is not until a man has both bought and sold horses that he gets both his eyes open, and is able to form that calm unbiassed judgment which is so essential in all transactions where self-interests are concerned. He then finds that it is not because he gave a fancy price that he is to be equally fortunate as the original vendor in obtaining a purchaser on similar terms, but discovers that, when wishing to dispose of his horse, he must look to its actual value, and that though he may buy at his own price, he cannot sell at his own as well. Hunters are perhaps more subject to variation in price than any other breed of horses, except race-horses, but here as much, if not more, depends upon the character of the owner as on the animal. A good rider will purchase a young raw horse, with the capabilities necessary for making a hunter, for £60 or £70, and, having passed him through the different stages of his education, will sell him to an inferior horseman for three times that sum, who, on again offering him for sale, will seldom have the good fortune to receive what he gave. Doubtless he may be lucky enough to do so, but this will mostly be found to be the exception and not the general rule. That good horses will always command good prices is a very hackneyed truism, but what one man thinks a very good one, another may think a very bad one, and there is not one among us who has not got, or has not had, "the best horse in England" in his own opinion. The test of all this can be proved at the horse show, where the judges, selected from the most honourable and impartial of our sportsmen, figuratively, if not literally, "put the saddle on the right horse." Form and action are the first things to be looked at in the noble animal, and Virgil's description of a colt of superior breed may not be out of place:—

"Continuo pecoris generosi pullus in arvis
Altius ingreditur, et mollia crura reponit:
Præius et ire viam, et fluvios tentare minaces
Audet, et ignoto sese committere ponti:
Nec vanos horret strepitus."

The above lines show that the Mantuan poet thoroughly understood his subject. Many horsemen, indeed, feel to their cost the want of the "altius ingreditur" and the "mollia crura," and in the absence of those essential qualities no horse can carry his burthen pleasantly, give satisfaction to his rider, or gain a prize

at a horse show. A well proportioned horse consists in the body and limbs forming a perfect square, but with this proportion he may be either a short-backed horse or a long one. The cause of this difference lies in the position of the shoulders and the length of the hip to the croup bone. Thus, if the shoulders are upright and the croup short, the back will consequently be long. On the contrary, if the shoulders lie backward, and the hip be far advanced towards the ribs (commonly called ribbed home), the back will be short, and this latter proportion is undoubtedly the most useful. A beautiful head is distinguished by bold and prominent eyes, flat and broad forehead, straight nose, wide, capacious, and flexible nostril, thin lips, and deep mouth; and an animal with the above qualities is seldom a bad one, as they may generally be considered as a pretty sure index of superior bodily powers. Lofty withers, with shoulders lying back, is the form more frequently sought after than met, and no horse with perpendicular shoulder blades will ever be favourably noticed at a horse show. The ribs should be round and capacious, and the back should sink by a gentle declivity from the withers; the hips should be low, and pretty close to the ribs, while the thighs should be broad and muscular, the hocks broad and flat; the legs below the hocks should be broad also, the tail should issue high from the croup, rather descending at the point. When viewed in front, the legs should be perfectly straight, the toes turning neither inwards nor outwards. It would be entering too much into the veterinary art were I to furnish my readers with the anatomy of that most important part of the animal, the foot, which, though originally perfect, is often rendered imperfect by the want of skill of the blacksmith, who, bidding defiance to Nature, counteracts her operations by theories and practices of his own, founded on blindness and conceit. The more we examine the horse's foot, the more we are surprised at the wonderful arrangements and adaptation of every part to the office it has to perform, and the more we lament the ignorance of the numskulls who profess to shoe horses upon improved principles; which principles involve a contest of art against Nature. At the last show at Islington, it was stated by some clever statistician that there were as many fine horses shown as there are days in the year, and as many ponies as there are weeks. Whether such was the case, I know not; suffice it to say that a more splendid exhibition never was witnessed. What could be a grander sight than to see those thorough-bred horses who as sires will keep up the breed of English racers, or the hunters who, from their shape, form, and blood, were fit to carry any weight in Leicestershire or the shires. The altered character of fox-hounds, and the racing speed at which they go, compel men to ride a very different class of horse to what they did at the commencement of the present century; for while stoutness is required, high breeding has become essential. In some old-fashioned slow-hunting country, the half-bred animal may get away tolerably well, especially in an enclosed country, if he is a good fencer, but for Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Northamptonshire, Gloucestershire, the hunter must now be nearly or quite thorough-bred. The show of roadsters and coach horses was also extremely satisfactory. A real good roadster is even more difficult to breed than a hunter; he must be perfect in all that relates to fine action, temper, symmetry, and size. He must be of an average height, not too high, nor too low, avoiding what is termed "daisy cutting," and high-knee-pounding action, and must be able to go

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PRIZE WINNERS AT THE BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

smoothly along at a ten-mile-an-hour pace. The coach horse of 1874 is as unlike that of 1825 as the brilliancy of gas is to the dull rays of the by-gone oil lamp, the fountains at Versailles to the ginger-bottle waterworks of Trafalgar Square, or Adelina Patti's splendid voice to a street barrow tone; and as 400 guineas is now a low figure for a pair of *sine steppers*, it requires such sires and dams as those recently shown at the Agricultural Hall to keep up the breed of park carriage horses and four-horse teams. Since the introduction of polo, ponies realise large sums, and among those exhibited were some very clever specimens of those animals peculiar to our mountain and lowland uncultivated ranges, where the rough grasses furnish excellent provender for this hardy race. The original pony of this country has been much improved of late years; the natives of the New Forest, in Hampshire, that scene of a monarch's rapacity, plunder, and devastation, were improved by the presence of "Old Marske" and other celebrated stallions amongst them; the Exmoor pony by an infusion of thorough-bred blood; the Welsh pony by being crossed with the Norwegian race. Dartmoor ponies have almost given way to Dartmoor sheep, the flesh of which is highly prized in the metropolis. The Highland pony still retains its hardy constitution, and the Shetland pony remains a beautiful and diminutive specimen of the race so celebrated in the Northern Isles.

(To be continued.)

Athletic Sports.

LONDON ATHLETIC CLUB ASSAULT OF ARMS.

THE present season has unquestionably been the most successful the London Athletic Club has ever enjoyed, and it was appropriately wound up last Thursday week with one of the best Assaults of Arms ever seen in London. The members of the club commenced these annual affairs in a very humble manner in the little room in Store Street, thence they migrated to St. George's Hall, while, on the two last occasions, St. James's Great Hall has been well filled with spectators. On the present anniversary indeed very few seats were vacant, and the assembly was an unusually enthusiastic one. Proceedings commenced with a contest between the sabre and bayonet, by Corporal-Major Greaves and Trooper Otterway, both of the 2nd Life Guards; the latter was armed with the bayonet, and, as a matter of course, had all the best of it. Professor Waite then performed his usual sword feats, which were well received, though the sheep was not severed as cleanly as usual, in consequence of being hung too low. The first bout with the gloves was between L. Denereay, champion of the light and feather weights, and J. Hymans. The former has much improved since he appeared at Lillie Bridge, and the first and second rounds were very pretty and scientific; but the third degenerated into a mere scramble. Undoubtedly the most popular performances of the evening were those of Herr Stempel, assistant master of the German Gymnastic Society, and about a dozen of his pupils, on the German Vaulting Horse and the Horizontal Bar. All their feats, many of them of extreme difficulty, were accomplished with the most perfect ease and grace, and fairly brought down the house. The fencing was scarcely so good as usual, though Dr. Sutherland and Professor Waite showed some pretty play. The sparring of Bat Mullins and Charlie Davis, two well-known professionals, caused great excitement, especially in the third round, when the men became a little too much in earnest, and the Messrs. Waddell gallantly rushed in and separated them. There were also three capital bouts between E. B. Michell, late Amateur Champion of the Heavy Weights, and A. Trower, of the Kingston Rowing Club. The pair were very well matched, as the former, though lighter than his opponent, has lost little of his skill and quickness. The exhibition of quarterstaff between G. P. Rogers and Trooper Otterway created as much amusement as usual. The ex-secretary is as clever as ever at this "fine old English pastime," and hammered his opponent about most mercilessly. The wrestling by Graham, Hunton, Beeby, and Robinson, which wound up the entertainment, was somewhat tame, as the middle-weight champion threw all his men in quick succession. The L.A.C. Amateur Band, under the management of P. M. Evans, played exceedingly well, and the general arrangements were all that could be wished.

Billiards.

At the end of last week W. Cook made his first appearance in London since his return from America, in two matches at billiards and two at pyramids with his old opponent, John Roberts, jun. In the afternoon Cook was scarcely in his best form at billiards, and though towards the finish of the game he made a grand break of 217, which included 10 and 31 spot hazards, he was beaten by 53 points; Roberts's chief contributions being 86, 67, 69, 57, and 125 (unfinished). At pyramids, however, the champion took full revenge by winning five games to one, and making breaks of 6, 7, and 11 balls. In the evening Roberts was both unlucky and played badly, and as 65 was his highest effort, Cook, with breaks of 79, 148 (47 "spots"), 106, and 159 (52 "spots"), won by no less than 411 points. He also had matters all his own way at pyramids, and beat Roberts by five games to two. On Saturday last an exhibition match was played at the Crystal Palace between Cook and Taylor. The former attempted to concede 120 points in 500, but was defeated by 177, Taylor running out with a break of 133. G. Collins has played two matches for £20 each with G. Hunt, in the second of which the spot hazard was barred. Hunt was in receipt of 100 points on each occasion, and won both games, as Collins played as badly as he invariably does in public.

Stanley's handicap, which, as we mentioned last week, is to be played at the Crown Hotel, Rupert Street, Haymarket, commences on Monday evening next. The following is the draw for the first round:—

MONDAY, DECEMBER 7.

6.30 p.m.—J. W. Hart, receives 200, v. W. Dufton, receives 220.
8.30—T. Taylor, scratch, v. G. Hunt, receives 175.
10.15—J. Bennett, receives 140 points, v. H. Stenning, receives 230.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8.

6.30—F. Shorter, receives 125, v. D. Richards, receives 140.
8.30—Jos. Bennett, owes 50, v. G. Collins, receives 100.
10.30—F. Bennett, receives 50, v. H. Evans, receives 80.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9.

6.30—C. Goodwin, receives 225, v. J. Stammers, receives 250.
8.30—S. W. Stanley, scratch, v. R. Wilson, receives 100.

With a view to assisting those who may wish to speculate on each game, we will attempt to pick out the eight winners. On Monday, though we have a poor opinion of Hart's play, he will probably beat Dufton; whose form has been wretched of late; Taylor is certain to put Hunt out; and, though we know little of John Bennett's present form, he ought, if in good play, to beat Stenning. The game between Shorter and Richards on Tuesday should prove a good one, but the latter, who meets his opponent on no less than 115 points better terms than he did in Taylor's handicap, when he was defeated by 63 points, ought certainly to win. Joseph Bennett will have an easy victory over Collins; and Fred Bennett ought to prove too good for Evans. On Wednesday we fancy Goodwin against Stammers, and Stanley ought to make short work of Wilson. On the conclusion of this

heat the second round will take place, and we must repeat our opinion that Taylor will win the handicap outright.

Last week Cook offered to give either Stanley or Taylor 200 in 1000, on an ordinary table, for £100 a side, and as might have been expected the latter at once accepted the challenge. We fancy the champion will find that he has made a bad match.

Hunting.

THE WORCESTERSHIRE HOUNDS.

HINDLIP HALL (the residence of Mr. Henry Allsopp, the member for East Worcestershire, and late master of these hounds) was the fixture of this pack on Tuesday. Though there was a good show of foxes, we could not get anything of a run. There was a large field, and amongst those present at the meet were the following: Mr. Henry Allsopp, M.P., Mr. T. E. Walker, M.P., and Messrs. Baylis (Hanbury), Cottrill, J. Walker, H. Branwell, E. Woodhouse, J. Tustin, G. Essex (Gotheridge), Onley Bransford, Watson (Waverley), Pardoe (Ombersley), &c. Mr. Henry Allsopp had with his usual hospitality placed a splendid breakfast for all the followers of the hunt, and all comers were liberally entertained. Blackthorn covert was first drawn, and a fox was soon on foot; ran him in front of the Hall, when he pointed his nose for the farm, when he made across the canal, but on making his way for Mr. Calder's ashbed came to a check, then after breaking away for Perry Wood was lost at Newtown by Mr. Henner's. Could not find a fox in Nursery wood, but hit upon one in Perry Wood; made his way sharp for Mr. Chamberlain's, at Bredecot, where he was lost. Churchill Wood was next tried, and Master Puggy was found at home, but on account of the scent being bad he was obliged to be given up without leaving covert. Crowle Thrift produced a fox, ran him for Raven's Hill, when he made down for the brook, and, making into Churchill Wood, slipped his pursuers.

The hounds were to have met at St. John's, near Worcester, on Friday, but were stopped on account of the frost. It is the first time that this has occurred during the present season.

BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

THE fifteenth annual exhibition of dogs, which opened on Monday last, is the largest that has ever been held in Curzon Hall, the entries numbering no less than 1017, which is an increase of about 50 in the numbers shown last year. Every nook and corner of the large building was utilised, and the committee had been obliged to return a good many entries. In every sense the show was a brilliant success, and though the money taken at the doors on the first day fell a little short of the amount received last year, we have no doubt that the financial result of the four days will be fully equal to that of any previous occasion. We append a list of the judges, from which it will be seen that no less than twenty officiated as against fourteen who acted last year:—

Pointers:—The Right Hon. the Viscount Combermere, Combermere Abbey, Whitechurch, Salop; C. E. Lewis, Esq., St. Pierre, Chepstow.
Bloodhounds:—Major J. A. Cowen, Blaydon Burns, Blaydon-on-Tyne.
Staffords:—M. B. Wynn, Esq., Scalford, Melton Mowbray.
Sheep Dogs:—Matthias Smith, Esq., 125, Hyde Park Road, Leeds. J. Percival, Esq., Sardon House, Bristol Road, Birmingham.
St. Bernards and Newfoundlanders:—The Rev. J. C. Macdonald, Cheadle Rectory, Cheshire.
Deerhounds and Greyhounds:—Samuel Mallaby, Esq., Grendon Atherton.
Setters and Foreign Sporting Dogs:—The Hon. R. C. Hill, Hawkestone, Shrewsbury; W. Lort, Esq., The Cotteridge, Kings Norton.
Spaniels:—Captain Willett, Hereford; the Rev. A. L. Willett, Meriden Vicarage, Coventry.
Retrievers:—S. E. Shirley, Esq., M.P., Eltington Park, Stratford-on-Avon; R. B. Moore, Esq., 18, Victoria Street, Wolverhampton.
Dachshunds, Dalmatians, and Foreign Non-sporting Dogs:—John Fisher, Esq., Carehead, Cross Hills, Yorkshire.
Other Hounds, Harriers, and Beagles:—John Walker, Esq., Highgate Cottage, Marchwiell, Wrexham.
Fox Terriers:—John Walker, Esq., Highgate Cottage, Marchwiell, Wrexham; Peter Eden, Esq., Cross Lane, Salford.
Bull Dogs, Bull Terriers, Smooth-haired Terriers, Black and Tan Terriers:—Charles Collins, Esq., Oakfield Road, Selly Park, Birmingham; J. Percival, Esq.
Sky Terriers, Dandies, Broken-haired, Bedlington, and Wire-haired Terriers:—J. Nisbet, Esq., Rumbleton, Greenlaw, Berwickshire; J. Fisher, Esq., Pomeranians, Pugs, Maltese, Italian Greyhounds, Blenheim, King Charles, Poodles, and Toy Terriers:—Matthias Smith, Esq.; Matthew Hedley, Esq., Claremont, Red Hill, Surrey.

The Bloodhounds were not very strong numerically, and Mr. Ray had matters all his own way in the three classes. His grand old Roswell, who bears his eight years very lightly, took the champion prize as usual. He was also first in the open dog class with Baron, a splendid young dog bred by himself, by Roswell out of Peeress, the last-named of whom took the first prize in the open class for bitches, while Mr. Ray was also second with Mona. Morni had no opponent in the champion dog class for Deerhounds, and of course walked over for the Cup, and taking the extra prize for the best Deerhound of all classes. He has won an immense number of prizes, but we cannot say that we altogether like him, as, to our mind, his coat is far too soft and silky. There were two champion bitches, of which Braie, a winner of two first prizes at Birmingham, had to give way to Meg, who is by the famous Torum out of Brenda. The open classes were both large. Mr. Musters, a well-known breeder, took first prize with Torum, a remarkably nice one, while Mr. Parkes' Teeldar, or Hylda, was first in the bitch class. Mr. Sugden's Hylda, who was first at the Crystal Palace, taking second place here.

Greyhounds were fairly well represented, though the classes were scarcely up to those at the Crystal Palace this year. Among the dogs, the famous Lauderdale, who has won no less than forty-five first prizes and cups, had to give way to Mr. Hemming's Peer, a son of Cock Robin and Princess Mary; but Old Bit of Fun had it all her own way among the bitches, and also took the extra cup for the best greyhound in both classes. She has now won between fifty and sixty prizes, and, considering that she is nearly seven years old, looks wonderfully fresh and well.

The entries in the Otterhound, Harrier, and Beagle classes, were very small, and we may at once pass on to the Fox Terriers, of which there were 116. In the champion dog class, those very old opponents, Tyke and Rattler, met once more, and, as has generally been the case of late, the latter won the prize. Both dogs were in splendid form, and, as we have stated on two or three previous occasions, we decidedly prefer Tyke. Rattler, for the second year in succession, won the Elkington Cup for the best fox terrier of all classes, a feat that has never been accomplished by any other dog. There were two champion bitches, Lille and Myrtle, who, it may be remembered, divided the champion prize at the Crystal Palace this year. The prize was now awarded to the former, who was in splendid condition, while Myrtle, though hard and muscular, and bright in her coat, was fully a pound too light for show, and, moreover, as she is twice Lille's age, she has naturally not improved in the six months that have elapsed since they last met. The first prize in the open dog class was awarded to Mr. Sharples' Tart, an unaccountable decision, which appeared to have dissatisfied every fox terrier fancier to whom we spoke on the subject. He certainly has a grand long head and good ears, but the judges must have given him the prize on those alone, for he is very leggy, and far too big, weighing upwards of 22 lbs., indeed, his weight alone ought to have disqualified him,

unless we are to believe that the recognised standard, from 16 lbs. to 19 lbs. for a dog, and about 2 lbs. less for a bitch, is an erroneous one. Mr. Chaplin's Willie, the winner of the second prize, is an infinitely better one in almost every way; he is perhaps a shade too wide across the skull, but that is the only fault that can possibly be found with him. Mr. Gibson's Flasher, winner of the third prize at the Crystal Palace, and at Bedford, occupied the same position here. We consider that there were at least twenty dogs in the class superior to him, for he has a weak, soft-looking head, and carries one of his ears all wrong, which alone ought to prove a fatal bar to prize-winning. We did not see Victor, the winner of the fourth prize, as he had been removed by order of the veterinary surgeon. Mac III. ("highly commended") has far too large ears to please us, and Sting (commended), a son of Rattler, is a coarse-headed dog. Terror (highly commended) has very bad forelegs, while Butler was so thoroughly out of form that it seemed a pity to have sent him. Mr. Doyle's Trick, a grand long-headed dog, was passed over altogether, but we liked him far better than some of those that obtained commendation. Turk II. (highly commended) is very thick through the skull, but otherwise a nice dog. Rivet, winner of the first prize in the open class at the Crystal Palace, was very properly passed over altogether. In our account of the Palace Show, we wrote that "he is terribly stout from the eye to the nose, has bad shoulders, and far too fine a stern," and the Birmingham judges have thoroughly endorsed our opinion. The dog now, however, is as narrow as a knife, whereas Mr. Gibson wisely sent him to the Palace Show very fat and heavy, which partially disguised his want of substance. Mr. Proctor's Tester is a nice dog, and so is Mr. Terry's Diver, though he has rather too much colour. Buffet, a winner of many prizes, was very much out of condition, and was passed over altogether. His own brother, Foiler, is very much like him, but made in a more powerful mould. Mr. Gibson's Bitters was only highly commended. Last year he was winning prizes all over the country, but now the judges seem completely set against him. To our mind he is the best fox terrier we ever saw, and we cannot understand his want of success. Furrier and Flinger, two nice sons of Foiler, were sold very cheaply at ten guineas, especially the latter, who won a first prize at Bedford this year. Taken as a whole, the bitches were in a very strong class, and Mr. Gibson took the first prize with Bounty, a remarkably nice daughter of Butler and Brockenhurst Nettle. She has improved greatly since the Crystal Palace Show, and is very muscular and powerful, without being at all coarse. Mr. Dixon's Vexer, who was second last year, both here and at the Crystal Palace, again occupied the same position. She is a very charming bitch, and while full of quality, has great muscle, with quarters like a little dray-horse. Gaudy, the third prize winner, is also a very nice one, though perhaps a trifle coarse, while Guilty, an own sister to Lille, though very taking at first sight, is a little too large, and was not in the best condition. Rosy and Dorcas are poor samples of the Brockenhurst kennel, being small and weedy, with no bone, and Bustle, who won first prize in the puppy class at the Crystal Palace, has grown all the wrong way since then, being now terribly leggy and short of substance. Giddy was unaccountably passed over, which is the more remarkable as she has previously won prizes at Birmingham, the Crystal Palace, and Nottingham, and is a very nice one indeed. Spiteful, the winner of the first prize in the corresponding class at the last Palace Show, appeared here as Lass of Brockenhurst, and, like Ribet, was entirely passed over, a decision we can thoroughly endorse, as she is crooked in the forelegs, and carries her stern very badly. Lass of Lymington, late Damsel (commended), is too light ever to do much on the show bench, but Lass of Teuby is very nice indeed, with a capital head and ears. Tidy (commended), by Tyke out of Patch, is a nice one, very much like her sire, and Mr. Terry's Nettle, and Mr. Ward's Nettle, both (commended) are fair bitches.

Pointers were so numerous, no less than twelve classes being devoted to them, that it is hopeless to give any detailed account of them. They were a remarkably good lot, especially the medium-sized bitches, and competition ran very high, the prizes being well divided out amongst different owners. Mr. Francis's famous old Chang took the champion prize for large-sized dogs, and he carries his eight years very gaily. Mr. Huggins's Don took first for medium-sized dogs, and also the Elkington Cup for the best pointer of all classes. Setters were also in great force, and the class for English dogs, except black and tan, was pronounced "extraordinary good" by the judges. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Hemmings's Rock. Mr. Morris's famous True walked over for the champion cup for the curly-coated retriever dogs, but his X.L., who was considered invincible, met with an unexpected defeat by Duchess, in the corresponding class for bitches. The most remarkable retriever exhibited, however, was Bob, who took the first prize in the open class for smooth or wavy-coated dogs, and also the extra cup for the best retriever of all classes. Bob is only fourteen months old, so his victory is a very remarkable one, and his own brother, Young Victor of the same age, is so good that an extra prize of £3 was awarded to him. As usual Mr. Fletcher was very strong in spaniels, taking first prize in the Irish dog class with Young Doctor, who is still, to our thinking, just a trifle too high on the leg, and first in Clumbers with his grand old Bean, who also won the Elkington Cup, for the best spaniel of all classes. Sussex spaniels, both dogs and bitches, were exceedingly good.

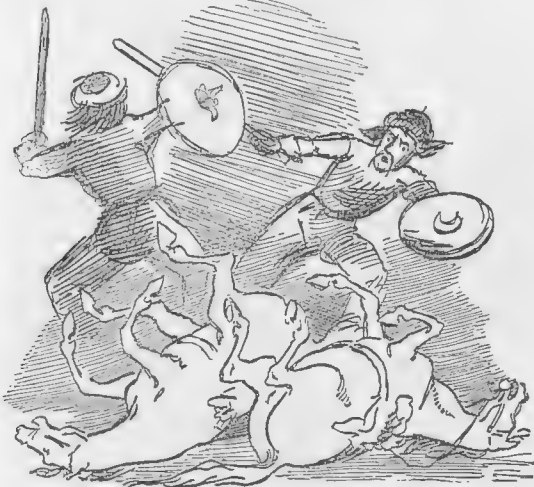
Coming to the non-sporting classes we found that the committee had stood manfully by Mr. Wynn, and had once more appointed him to judge the mastiffs. Whether that gentleman or his opponents are right as to what a mastiff should be, we do not pretend to say, but we fancy that some of the awards will occasion as much correspondence as took place after this show last year. Mr. Elwell's Taurus, of whom we gave a picture and full description last week, took the champion cup for dogs. He had, however, been removed by order of the veterinary surgeon. Mr. Hanbury's brindled Queen was the champion bitch, and she also secured the Cup for the best mastiff of all classes. The open classes were well filled, but the quality of those entered was hardly up to the average, and some of Mr. Wynn's decisions were very unaccountable, notably his high commendation of Mr. Bathurst's Juba, who is a regular little brindled bulldog that one would expect to see chained under a carrier's cart, and has a pair of the most awfully bowed forelegs we ever saw. St. Bernard dogs, both rough and smooth, were very good, while the bitches in both classes were as bad as they could be. Monastery, late Le Moine, took the first prize for smooth-coated dogs, and also an extra Cup for the best St. Bernard of all classes, though he was in such bad condition that we are surprised at even his singularly good points pulling him through. Mr. McKillop sent Simphon, a very grand rough puppy only six months old, by Thor out of Nobin, to whom the judges awarded an extra prize. Newfoundlands were few in number, and not remarkably striking; but the Sheep dogs of all classes were very grand. In the champion class for large-sized Bulldogs, Mr. Adcock's Ajax made his third appearance at Birmingham, and, as a matter of course, took the Cup, and also an extra prize for the best Bulldog of all classes. A portrait and full account of Ajax appeared in THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS of September 26, and he stands quite alone as a grand type of his breed.

We regret that we have not space for the prize list, which has been already published in most of the daily and sporting journals.

BY THE BYE,

if, as stated, Poole's travestie of *Hamlet*, modernised (and reproduced at the Globe, was originally produced at Covent Garden in 1813, it is curious to reflect that the manager of that theatre was then the 'Hamlet' of his day, the great Shakspearean actor, John Kemble. He was not however present at its production, being then in Ireland. The travestie was first produced and lastly reproduced for a benefit, in the first place for that of Mr. and Mrs. Lyston, and in the second, as our readers know, for that of Mr. Odell. Mr. Lyston, unlike the latter, played the part of 'Ophelia,' his wife the 'Queen,' and a man in a woman's character, being then a much greater novelty on the stage than unfortunately it now is, proved attractive.

Speaking of Charles Kemble at Covent Garden, and remembering that Astley's has been newly reopened, it strikes us that few people know that once upon a time the former theatre rivalled the latter in the way of performing horses. In Louis Simond's "Journal of a Residence in Great Britain during the Years 1810 and 1811," he writes under the date April 21:—"Hamlet was acted yesterday at Covent Garden, and Kemble, the reigning prince of the English stage, filled the principal part. He understands his art thoroughly, but wants spirit and nature. His manner is precise and artificial; his voice monotonous and wooden; his features are too large. Munden in the part of 'Polonius,' and Fawcett in the 'Gravedigger's' played charmingly. It is enough to mention the gravediggers to awaken in France the cry of rude and barbarous taste; and, were I to tell how the part is acted, it might be still worse. After beginning their labour and breaking ground for a grave, a conversation begins between the two gravediggers. The chief one takes off his coat, folds it carefully, and puts it by in a safe corner; then, taking up his pickaxe, spits on his hands, gives a stroke or two, talks, stops, strips off his waistcoat—still talking—folds it with great deliberation and nicety, and puts it with the coat—then an under waistcoat, still talking—another and another;" in short, goes through the old piece of "business," perpetuated to this day, of removing seven or eight waistcoats, and the British public of to-day, like that of 1811, as Simon says, "enjoys the scene excessively." After discussing the right of comedy to appear in a tragedy from the French view point, our author proceeds:—"The afterpiece was *Blue Beard*, which outdoes in perversion of taste all the other stupidities of the modern stage. A troop of horse (real horse) is actually introduced, or rather two troops charging each other at full speed. The horses are Astley's, and well drilled; they kick and rear, and bite and scramble up walls almost perpendicular, and when they can do no more, fall and die as gracefully as any of their brethren, the English tragedians. All this might do very



well at Astley's, but what a pity and a shame that horses should be the successors of Garrick, and bring fuller houses than Mrs. Siddons!"

The above-named exhibition gave birth to a variety of smart and satirical literary effusions in the papers and magazines of that day, from which we select three as amusing. The first runs thus:—

FINE ARTS.

Lovers of the Fine Arts will soon be gratified by the sight of an exquisite piece of sculpture from the atelier of a most celebrated artist. The idea originated in the happy coalition effected at Covent Garden Theatre between Shakspeare and the horses. The great bard is represented as a centaur. *Blue Beard's* charger has been modelled for the hinder parts, while the statue in Westminster Abbey is the original of the bust. Mr. Kemble is on the left side of the figure holding the stirrups for old Mr. Astley, who is represented in the act of mounting. The motto is from Shakspeare, and highly appropriate:—



"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

The second is even more funny:—
A curious mistake occurred at Mr. K—'s *levée* the other morning at Covent Garden. A gentleman was shown into the

presence whose object was to treat about an engagement for his daughter. Now at the same hour a horse dealer was expected by Mr. K—, whose head just now runs very much upon his stud; so the manager began by asking the father of Melpomene:—

"How old is she?"

"Sixteen last May, Sir."

"Dear me—that's aged. She'll not do for hard work. Is she quiet?"

"Perfectly! I never knew a gentler creature."

"Has she been long in town?"

"No, Sir, I only brought her up with me from East Grinstead a week ago."

"Has she been properly handled?"

"Handled? Oh! yes. Mr. Shellwall gave her lessons."

"Well, well, if your terms are moderate, I dare say we shall agree."

"I think not, but she is waiting below; shall I bring her up?"

"Bring her up? (smiling grimly). Oh! no, give her to my groom to put into a stall, and I'll come down and look at her."

"Into a stall, Sir!"

"Certainly, I want something very gentle—I presume she's sound—for myself. Morton is writing a melodrama for me, and if we can agree, I shall make my *entrée* upon her back."

"Upon her back, Sir! Do you mean to insult me?"

"Insult you? Certainly not. You are from the Cumberland Mews?"

"No, Sir, from East Grinstead!"

"With a mare?"

"No—with my"—

"Got by Skyscraper out of Andromache?"

"No, Sir. She is the first-born of my late lamented wife, Mary Muggins—my only daughter."

"Daughter! Bless my soul, Sir—I have been betrayed into a great mistake—but I am glad we happened to be alone (solemnly taking a pinch of snuff); such meetings should be private."

The third and last of our gleanings in this by-road is in rhyme, and is—

ON THE NEW HIPPODROME IN COVENT GARDEN.

Who will say that the laws are no longer in force

Recorded in metamorphosean fable,

Since our manager's raised to a master of horse,

And our theatre sunk to a livery stable?

When beggared, they hit on this plan, we are told,

To jockey the town, and in clover to revel;

But now they are mounted like beggars of old,

Or *Blue Beard* himself, they will ride to the devil.

O Kemble the Centaur, sage Hounhnyhn elf!

Henceforth who will care for thy classic revivals?

Rowe, Congreve, and Otway may sleep on the shelf,

Their brains are kicked out by their quadruped rivals.

Tho' Shakspeare may frown in your hall in disdain,

You may laugh (if you can) without qualms or remorse:

He swore all the world was a stage, and 'tis plain

No stage in the world can go on without horses.

Whene'er with four legs *native talent* is blessed,

The manager's patronage doubly is due;

It goes twice as far, and has twice as much zest,

As where the dull rascals have only got two.

Away with the Pit! turn it into a ring;

Thalia, Melpomene, joining the hoax,

Shall gallop in grand tragi-comedy swing,

While Kemble is *cracking* his whip and his jokes.

Don't cough and take snuff, Sir, and drag out each word

Like bottles lugg'd up from some hollow old bin:

Sing, tumble, cut capers, be seen, felt, and heard,

And tip us Grimaldi's auricular grin.



Correspondence.

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

SIR,—It has often been said that the English are not a musical people; and, certainly, the applause with which Dr. Hans von Bülow has been greeted at the Monday Popular Concerts and the praise bestowed upon his pianoforte-playing by most of the leading London journals go far to prove the truth of the assertion. Only in a few journals which profess to guide public opinion have musical critics given expression to an adverse judgment, on the subject of this letter, in the face of indiscriminate applause and fulsome praise.

Admitting a large amount of mechanical dexterity and a remarkable memory—both of which, however, frequently play him false—Dr. Hans von Bülow lacks most of the essentials of a great artist. Time, tone, accent, emphasis, phrasing are each, in turn, set at naught by him. True musical expression does not find in him an exponent; he brings neither modesty nor veneration to the works of the old masters. Händel, at his hands, is scarcely

In wisely attempting our stages to make
Of riding, not morals, the properest schools,
Mr. Merryman's part it is fit you should take,
The last of our actors—the first of our fools.

Kemble must have felt the full sting of such utterances, for they were very numerous, and he was very sensitive to such reproaches.

While we are amongst the Centaurs, we are reminded of another funny anecdote told by a famous dramatic author of the last century, Frederick Reynolds.

The *London Cuckolds* was a coarse old vulgar comedy, very popular with the gods and the groundlings, and with his gracious Majesty King George II. On one of the evenings of its representation by royal command, his Majesty and suite were proceeding to the theatre, when one of the footmen behind the royal carriage held his lighted flambeau in such a position that the burning wax and tow frequently dropped on the splendid regimentals and caparisons of a cavalry officer, who formed one of the guard of honour on this occasion. He remonstrated and threatened in vain; the knight of the shoulder-knot continued, with apparent wilfulness, to pour the molten mass on his uniform. At last, entirely losing his temper, and rendered by rage forgetful of his situation, our son of Mars so forcibly and so repeatedly struck the waggish torch-bearer with the flat part of his bared sabre that a loud cry of "Murder!" proceeded from the delinquent and of "Stop the carriage!" from the consequently alarmed attendants. The coachman, panic-stricken, drew up, and George II., thrusting his head from the window, vehemently exclaimed:—

"Donder! vat is dat matter?"

The officer having explained, the footman apologised, and both parties having been reprimanded, the cavalcade proceeded, but owing to this delay, his Majesty arrived some few minutes late, and the audience, to the King's surprise and embarrassment, expressed their ill-humour and disapprobation very rudely.

The King, recovering his presence of mind, drew forth his watch, looked at it, showed it to the lord-in-waiting, and, advancing to the front of the box, directed the attention of the audience to it, and beat the supposed culprit against the box.

The audience took the hint, and received it with rapturous applause, the King thus proving he was a great actor and deserving of the full houses which his appearance always commanded.

But the evening's misadventures were not over. In the middle of the afterpiece appeared a centaur, who, having to draw a bow and therewith shoot a formidable foe, unskillfully erred in his aim and sent his shaft straight into the royal box, grazing the sacred person of Majesty in its evil flight.

At once a scene of the utmost consternation and clamour arose. The audience started up in an outburst of indignant rage, and many made a fierce rush towards the stage. The centaur went through a series of the most extraordinary movements, ending in the sudden separation of its parts, the front portion falling forward, face downward, over the lamps, and thereby revealing the struggling arms and fear-distorted face of a carpenter who gave vitality to the hinder part. As he who represented "the very head and front of the offending" arose, the carpenter in the belly of the horse fell upon his knees, loudly denying that he had anything to do with the treasonable transaction, while the fore part of the centaur energetically endeavoured to exculpate himself by attributing the blame to the carpenter.

The noisy discussion and the ridiculous-criminations and vindications which ensued between these two grotesque, half dressed, half human beings so amply rewarded the second George and the spectators for their previous alarm that loud and involuntary roars of laughter demonstrated it to be the very best scene of the entire entertainment, and on the morrow it was the theme of amusement at half the dinner tables in London.

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

recognisable; and in Beethoven's Sonatas for pianoforte and violoncello, which have been performed by him and Piatti, on various occasions, at the Monday Popular Concerts, the splendid abilities of the incomparable violoncellist have been lost to his admirers. It is inconceivable that applause should follow such performances when the past is remembered rich in names of really great artists. Happily the empty seats at the latter Monday Popular Concerts, with Dr. Hans von Bülow as a principal performer, indicate an awakening to the fact that an attempt has been made to force upon us a vicious style of pianoforte-playing which is degrading to the public taste, and discreditable to those whose duty it is to cater for and guide it.

J. A.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—Mr. W. R. Field, the lessee of this establishment, announces the last nights of *Blue Beard*, which has proved one of the greatest successes of the season; Miss Lydia Thompson and her *troupe* removing to the Globe Theatre at Christmas. For the interval between the 23rd of December and 7th of January, Mr. Field has engaged Miss Carry Nelson and her talented company, who will appear in the famous burlesque of *Aladdin*. On January 8, Miss Ada Cavendish will make her reappearance in her celebrated impersonation of 'Mercy Merrick,' in *The New Magdalen*.

HUNTING IN THE COIMBATORE DISTRICT.

(Continued from page 215.)

Our first precautionary arrangement on arrival at the new hill camp was to summon all our people and tell them off into watches, as with jungle all round it was very necessary to keep a good look-out in case any of the marauding Carnivora should visit our cattle-shed. A large quantity of dry wood was also collected, so that those on watch could keep up the fires without going outside the fenced enclosure. On examination of the ground round about our encampment, the fresh pugs of tigers and wolves, and several spoor of elephants, some three or four days old, were distinctly visible, besides numerous slots of different kinds of deer; so we had every prospect of good sport in our new diggings without going far from home. Before entering into any account of our doings, I shall give some description of the tigers of this district, which vary very considerably in their habits, character, and range.

There is, in my opinion, only one variety of tiger, although this animal, like all others that I am acquainted with, is subject to slight variations of appearance, that may generally be more or less accounted for by his peculiar habits, which vary according to the locality and the nature of the country he ranges over. In many parts of India over which I have hunted, the natives recognise three kinds of tigers, which they distinguish according to their habits and range, by the following names:—First, the *lodia bagh*, or game-killing tiger; secondly, the *ontia bagh*, which lives chiefly upon domestic cattle; and, thirdly, the *adnee khane wallah*, or man-eater, which latter happily are few and far between.

The *lodia bagh*, or game-killing tiger, such as is shown in the engraving, lives chiefly in the hills and fastnesses of the forest, where he subsists upon deer and other wild animals, rarely showing himself near the haunts of man, and retreating immediately he discovers his presence. The *lodia bagh* may be again subdivided into two classes, from their different modes of killing their game. The first prowls about the forest and tracks up his quarry by scent, approaches him stealthily under cover, springing upon him when unawares, or running him down by a succession of gigantic bounds from which even the speediest deer can hardly hope to escape. The second class of game-killing tigers depend more upon their cunning than their speed in circumventing their prey, and are accustomed to lie in ambuscade, by water, or in runs frequented by different kinds of deer. His usual retreat in the hot weather is to some ravine amongst the hills where pools of water remain all the year round, and here under shelving masses of rock, or under the shade of overhanging trees, he makes his lair, and lies in wait for any forest creature that may come to quench its thirst by day or night. The regular game-hunting tiger is a small light-made beast, very active and enduring, and his skin is most beautifully and distinctly marked, the black stripes being very close together. He is always very shy and retiring in his habits, and from constantly living on the *qui vive* is very difficult to approach and bring to bay.

The *ontia bagh*, or cattle-lifter—so called because his faintly striped coat resembles in colour that of a camel—is a much larger and heavier animal than the game-killing tiger, being very fleshy, and rarely in the condition to undergo any great exertion. Thus when systematically pursued by hunters, he may be overtaken and beaten out of cover time after time, but a regular game-hunting tiger once lost sight of is rarely again to be fallen in with.

The cattle-lifter, in the cool season, follows the herds of cattle whenever they go to graze, keeping as much as possible under cover so as to escape their guardian's observation, and then striking down any straggler that may approach his ambuscade, which is generally on the skirts of some jungle, in which for a time he has located himself.

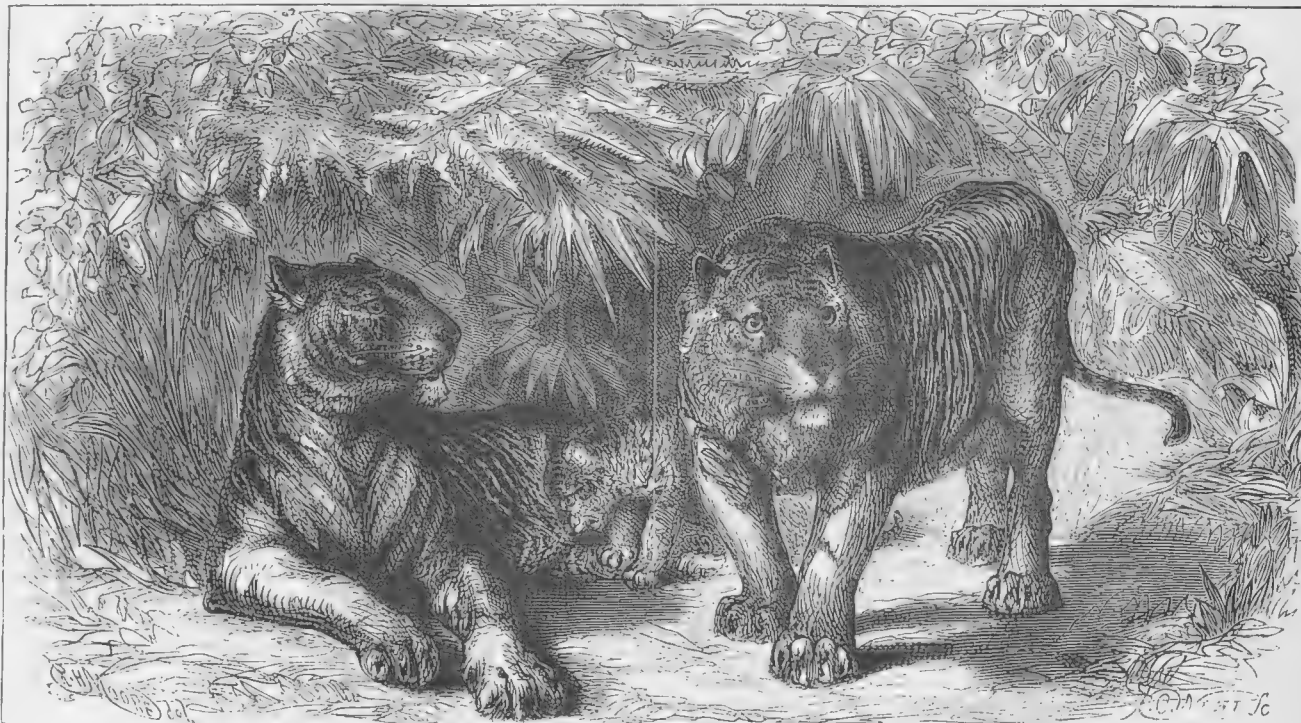
In the hot weather he secretes himself in some cover of high reeds, or karinda or tamarisk thicket, which are usually found along the banks of the partially dried up rivers, and lies in wait for cattle coming to drink. Watching his opportunity, he kills a bullock by seizing him in his massive jaws by the nape of the neck, as, unaware of danger, he is grazing on the green herbage found by the side of the stream, and with the aid of the fore-paws, which serve as a purchase, he generally manages to dislocate the neck in a moment, and drag him into his cover; the whole affair being so quietly and expeditiously managed that the herdsman rarely discovers his loss until he has collected his cattle to drive them home. The engraving represents the death of one of these wholesale plunderers, whom I shot just as he was about to spring upon a bullock tied up as a bait.

Of course a lazy marauder of this kind also kills a good many head of deer when they come to drink near his ambuscade, but as a rule, as long as he can get cattle, he does not trouble himself to hunt for them.

A single tiger will kill a bullock or buffalo every five days, if he gets the chance, often eating the hind-quarters the first night, and hiding the remainder in a bush, to consume at his leisure. Should he have been fired at, or disturbed on his return to his quarry, he becomes cunning and far more destructive, killing a fresh bullock whenever he wants food; and I have known tigers that have become so suspicious that they would not return to an animal they had killed, although they had only lapped the blood, and the bullock was almost untouched. On the other hand I have known of a tiger returning day after day to the carcase of the ox he had killed and picking the bones clean, notwithstanding he had been twice fired at by a native shekarry. A family of tigers, viz., a tiger, tigress, and two grown-up cubs, are terribly destructive, often killing two or three head of cattle in a day, the young tigers for practice sake, under their parents' tuition, striking down as many of the herd as they catch in their way.

Of course the damage sustained by these wholesale depredations is immense, but as tigers, as a rule, do not confine their attacks to the herds of a single village, but distribute their favours with impartiality over a whole district, they are allowed to live "on sufferance," notwithstanding their haunts are perfectly well known to all the different village herdsmen. Cattle-lifters seldom molest men, and as long as they confine their

TIGER HUNTING IN SOUTHERN INDIA



A FAMILY OF MARAUDERS.

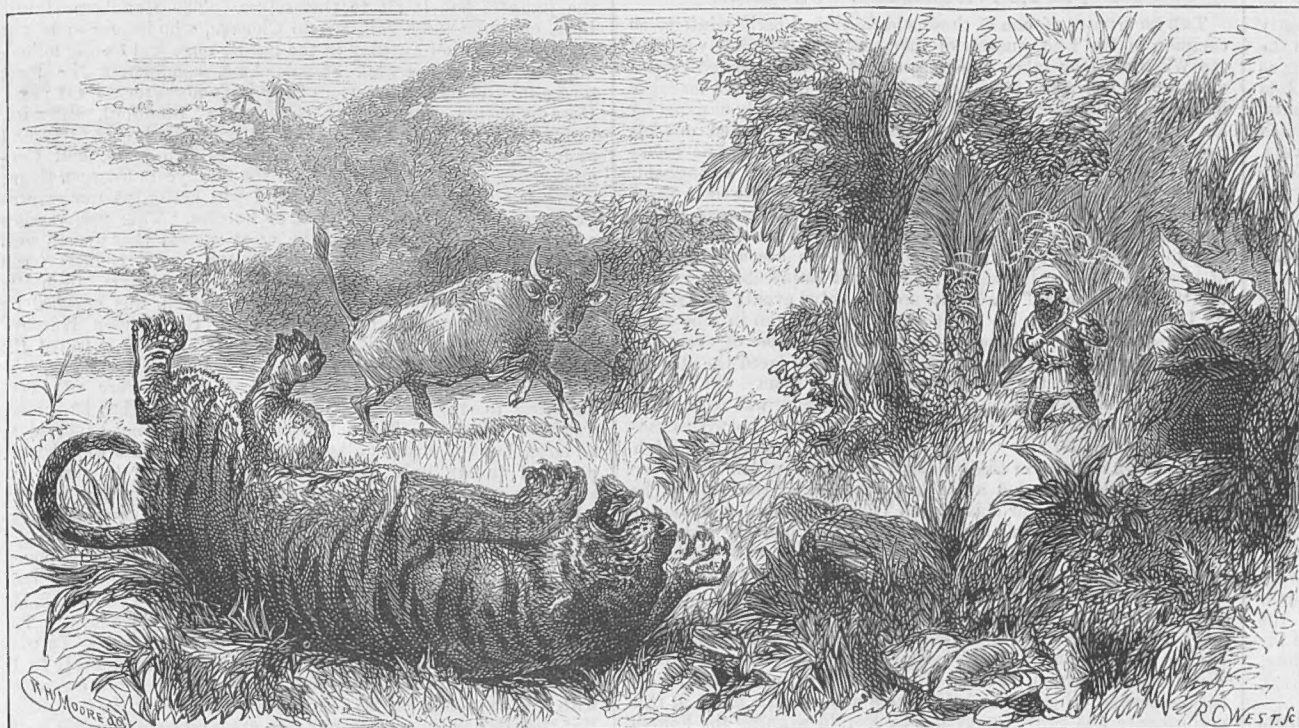


THE GAME-KILLING TIGER.

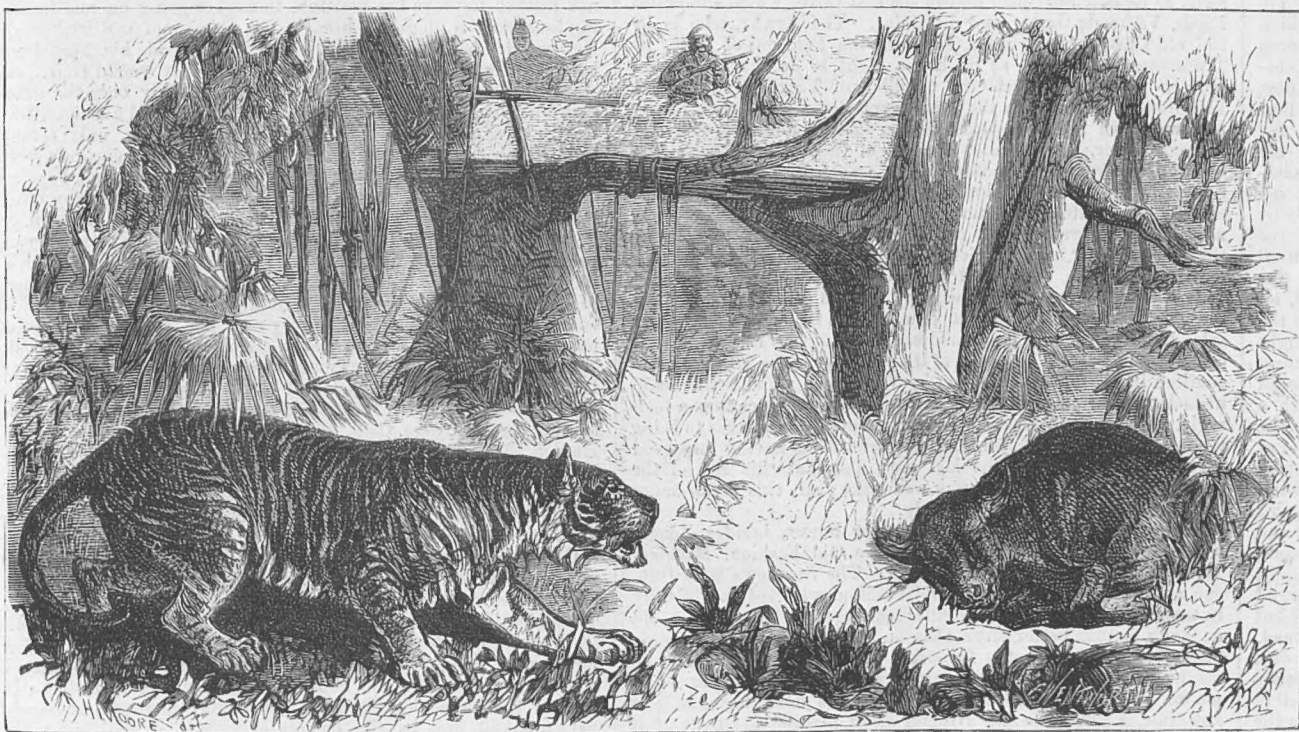


THE CATTLE-SLAYER.

TIGER HUNTING IN SOUTHERN INDIA.



THE DEATH OF A CATTLE-LIFTER.



["MECHAUN" SHOOTING.



"MOAT" SHOOTING.

attention to occasional bullocks, the apathetic natives are too inert and cowardly to beat up their haunts and destroy them themselves, and when some wandering Englishman on the look-out for sport finds himself in the neighbourhood of their villages, unless their cupidity and avarice overcome their natural laziness, in most places they are very unwilling to give any information about tigers lest they should be compelled to give up their usual occupations and be employed in beating the jungle to drive them out.

The government reward for every full-grown tiger's skin produced was 50 rupees or £5 a head in the old day, and this to some extent served to cover part of the expenses of a hunt, but of late years, by the extreme parsimony of the administration this reward has been reduced to half, consequently tiger shooting has now become a very expensive game, and as a rule the sportsman will find himself about 100 rupees out of pocket for every tiger he bags.

Man-eaters, luckily for mankind, are neither numerous nor invulnerable, but there are several instances on record of villages having been abandoned on account of the ravages that these terrible scourges of mankind have committed. All animals have a natural innate dread of man, but if any of the Felidae by any chance once happen to taste human blood, either from being rendered desperate by hunger, or by pouncing upon a man by mistake, they acquire a relish for human flesh, and abandon the chase of all other animals. With their change of living their character and habits entirely alter, and they become desperately cunning, skulking and prowling round villages with a noiseless step until they get the chance of springing upon some victim from behind when unaware and defenceless, and carrying him off into the forest before he can raise a cry, so that often scarcely a trace of the ruthless deed remains to give a clue as to the cause of his disappearance.

All forest creatures—with very rare exceptions—are afraid of man, never voluntarily intruding upon his presence, and invariably beating a retreat if they can do so unmolested. None of the feline race, with the exception of confirmed man-eaters, which are few and far between, will attack man, unless provoked, and the taint even of his footstep in the forest will often make them turn aside and leave the neighbourhood.

Although the Carnivora, as a rule, are a cunning, skulking, cowardly, and bloodthirsty set, yet their characters and temperament vary considerably, as some of them, when wounded, exhibit the most reckless, desperate courage, charging fearlessly against their assailants until the last gasp, and others die like curs, without making an effort to resist. The great secret necessary to ensure success in this kind of shooting is never to pull trigger unless certain of striking the game in a vital spot, and, again, always to keep a shot in reserve, in case of a wounded animal charging. I need not say that extreme coolness is as much required as accuracy of marksmanship, and anyone who feels "that he even has nerves" had better confine his attentions to game that will not retaliate when wounded.

These animals are all very tenacious of life, and the hunter should always endeavour to shoot them either through the brain or the heart. I have often dropped them stone-dead with a bullet right between the eyes, or by aiming just behind the shoulder-blade as the fore-arm moves forward in walking, when, if you miss the heart, the bullet will most likely penetrate the lungs.

"Mechaun" Shooting.—The most common way of killing all kinds of feline animals is by shooting them from a "mechaun," or platform built in a tree, about 15 feet from the ground, and hidden from observation by freshly cut branches. This arrangement is constructed in that part of the forest which these animals are known to frequent, and around it, within easy rifle range, are picketed three or four young calves, who, crying for their mothers, attract the spoilers to the spot, when the sportsmen may kill them from their place of concealment, with very little danger to themselves, as shown in the engraving. There is one strange peculiarity about most forest creatures, which is that, however quick they are to detect danger, they seldom or ever look up, unless their attention is directed by any unusual noise—hence the advantage of building the mechaun in a tree.

"Moat" Shooting.—Another plan, which is often adopted for killing game of various kinds during the hot season, is the construction of "moats" or ambuscades near the pools where the sign showed that wild animals were accustomed to drink. When I was likely to be located in the same spot for any length of time, and had to provide my people with food, I generally built a moat on piles some little distance in the water, as shown in the engraving, so as to command the different runs by which the game approached; and lest the taint of human footprints in the moist ground should arouse the suspicions or scare away the game, I never allowed any of my people to draw water from the part of the pool they frequented. Should I not have had time to construct such an ambuscade, I used to dig, within a few feet of the edge of the water, when practicable, a hole about 8 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 4 feet deep, heaping the earth all round like a crenelated wall, and having spread waterproof sheets, and a carpet in the inside, so as to be as comfortable as possible, with four of my people—two of whom always kept on the look-out—I have passed many a night, and killed almost every kind of game. The worst feature of this kind of shooting is that sleeping in the close proximity of water renders one very liable to catch fever; and the minor evil is that unless you keep on a broad-brimmed hat, with a mosquito veil, that will protect your face and neck, you will be severely punished by these small vermin, and not get a wink of sleep, which will unfit you for the next day's work. The party who are going to watch for game at night should go to their ambuscade at least an hour before sunset, as during a drought many animals come to drink at that time, and the utmost caution should be used in moving about after dark, as there may be other creatures besides the hunters on the look-out for game.

Beating or Driving.—In some forests it may be advisable to beat for large game, and I have often made large bags by taking my station at the head of a ravine, and making the line of beaters drive the animals towards me. Previous to beating, the ground should be reconnoitred, and a good deal of judgment is required in

selecting a position that commands the different runs up which the animals may come, and it is absolutely necessary to maintain the strictest silence, and remain as much as possible concealed. It is very unadvisable on these occasions to fire random shots, at very long ranges, as the chances are that the report of your rifle may prevent other game from coming near you, and lose you a fair chance. Great care must be taken, also, not to fire in the direction of the beaters.

The most certain information as to the presence of tigers, or indeed any of the feline race, is given by monkeys, who directly he stirs give their well-known cry of alarm, as a warning to the unwary, and continue making a harsh shrieking noise as long as he remains in sight. The peculiarly discordant cry of the *kola balloo*, or solitary jackal, also frequently betrays his whereabouts, as this animal, who, from old age or infirmities, is incapacitated from hunting with his fellows, lives upon what the tiger leaves, and gives notice to his master of any stray cattle that might serve him as a meal.

In Central India, where trained elephants are tolerably numerous, the dense covers are beaten with a line of elephants, and many tigers are thus brought to bag, the sportsmen being either mounted in howdahs on elephants or posted on some elevated ground, towards which the game is driven. A good steady shekar elephant costs about £300 to buy in the first instance, and about 80 rupees a month to keep, so that very few military men possess them; consequently coolies hired by the day are generally employed as beaters, every other man in the line having a fire-arm of some kind, or a tom-tom.

The line of beaters, keeping up a perpetual noise, rouse the tiger from his lair and drive him past the ambuscades, behind which the sportsmen lay hidden. When it is possible, elevated ground should be selected for these posts, which command an extensive view of the country round about, and watchers should be posted in trees round about the lair to signalise when the animal breaks, and which direction he is making for. These must keep a careful watch, for a tiger that has been hunted before grows very cunning, and when alarmed, instead of breaking boldly forth, skulks from bush to bush and creeps along very close to the ground, taking advantage of every patch of cover that lies in his way. Sometimes, when the bush is very thick and he lies close, it is advisable to use rockets to scare him, and make him break into the open.

To return to my narrative. We had hardly our little stockaded fortalice in defensible order when one of the jungle wallahs came in somewhat scared, having seen two tigers making their way towards the stream, about five or six hundred yards distant from our station. Burton and Kenny, accompanied by Googooloo and Chinneah carrying spare guns, started off at once in pursuit, whilst I remained behind to superintend the strengthening of the fences. Hardly had they been gone five minutes than one of my servants called me and directed my attention to a peculiar whimpering noise, the import of which I well knew, that seemed to proceed from a patch of olibanum bush scarcely a hundred yards away. My two trustworthy shekarries were with my pals, and there was no one at hand whom I dare trust with a second gun; so slipping the strap of a short double 8-gauge smooth-bore by Westley-Richards round my shoulder, and taking my favourite double 10-bore rifle in my hand, I gave a couple of other guns of large calibre to my horse-keeper and dog-boy, and sallied forth, my staunch old veteran Ponto leading the way by half a dozen yards, and showing by his precautionary actions that he thoroughly understood the nature of the game he was after, for he carefully reconnoitred and winded every bush that might afford concealment to a foe, and made casts from time to time to try and discover a trail, all the time peering watchfully ahead in the direction from which the suspicious noises appeared to come. All at once he gave a slight whimper and crouched down close to the ground, and I then knew that the game was afoot and in sight, but I was scarcely prepared for what followed, for a magnificent full-grown tiger, with a tremulous roar, sprang over a low bush and alighted between the dog and myself, where he crouched as if to spring on me; and at this moment his attention was attracted by a vigorous attack from Ponto, who, fearing his master was in danger, flew at him. At this moment I let drive right and left, one bullet entering his head just below the ear, whilst the second entered his chest and came out far behind the shoulder, so that death was instantaneous, and if I had been quick enough with my second gun, I might have had a fair shot at his mate, who came skulking round the bush to see what had so incensed her companion, but who bolted with a sullen growl when she saw what happened. Her subsequent career, was, however, a short if not a merry one, for in her confusion—at becoming so suddenly a widow—she made tracks by the same route by which she came, and consequently fell in with Kenny and Burton, who were following up her pugs from the stream, and who greeted her appearance with a volley, which broke her spine and disabled her, when a third shot stretched her lifeless.

The only reason that I could attribute to the tiger's aggressive line of action was that this was the beginning of the rutting season, and hearing the dog giving tongue, and not seeing him, his jealousy was roused, for he must have fancied the sound came from one of his own species, who had the audacity to interfere with his domestic arrangements. Luckily my noble dog was unhurt by my double shot, and after walking round his foe two or three times and smelling him all round, he vented his spleen upon his fallen foe, "after the ancient manners of his species."

(To be continued.)

A DOMESTIC MATTER.—In view of the conflict which is raging between the public and the gas companies, one is inclined to welcome any invention calculated to put out the imperfect lights which ought to have been abolished long ago. Messrs. Dietz and Co., of Carter Lane, St. Paul's, E.C., have invented a new lamp called the "Paragon," which may fairly be termed one of the most perfect illuminators ever introduced. It is perhaps unnecessary to describe the scientific nature of this lamp. It is enough to know that it gives the light of 25 sperm candles for the hourly cost of one farthing, without the slightest trace of smoke or disagreeable odour of any kind, while "trimming," a remarkably easy operation, is not required more than once in 12 hours. These lamps are made in all styles, and at various prices, but the power and intensity of the light is throughout the same; and they are made to hang, swing, or stand on the table. The same enterprising firm also produce a capital little oil-stove called the "Climax," which will heat a good-sized greenhouse at a nominal cost; the same kind of apparatus being applied to cooking purposes, and manufactured in various sizes from that equal to the requirements of a bachelor to larger varieties capable of cooking a numerous family dinner. Messrs. Dietz, we may add, manufacture a wonderful portable stable or cellar lantern, called the "Hurricane," constructed so as to be inextinguishable by the highest gale of wind.

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (WM. HOGG, PROPRIETOR).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheon always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[Advr.]

Sporting Intelligence.

RACING RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

"It seems to be the fate of man, to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation."—DR. JOHNSON.

THE recurrence of one of those old-fashioned early winters, so common in the first quarter of this century, completely spoiled the Warwick November Meeting, and it is to be feared turned what would otherwise have been a benefit for its spirited manager into a loss. Be that as it may, Mr. Sam Merry, ably assisted by his sons, despite alternate frost, rain, and snow, carried out his well-digested programme in its entirety, and seldom has better sport been seen in the vicinity of old Guy's famous stronghold. Last week the doings on the two first days were reviewed in these columns, and I shall now proceed to give a brief *résumé* of the remainder of the proceedings, premising that it was found necessary to extend the meeting over Saturday, on account of a fall of snow on Wednesday night rendering it impossible to run off the "Grand Annual" and other cross-country events on Friday. As I stated last week, no fewer than 87 horses ran in nine races on Tuesday, while 97 contended in the same number of events on Wednesday, and on Thursday large fields again faced the starter, as 80 horses ran in the nine races brought to issue. On Friday, however, owing to the quagmire the running-track was reduced to, there ran only 46 horses, and on Saturday 32; but notwithstanding this falling off the "trot of the whole" reaches the high figure of 342 runners in the five days, a number which has never previously been exceeded at so late a period of the year. The running of the two-year-olds was on Thursday the most attractive feature in the afternoon's sport. In the Third Nursery Handicap the honest and useful Trappist, although burdened with the heavy impost of 9st, was pulled out for the third time during the meeting, but with no better fortune than in the two preceding Nursery-series, as he proved unable to give Herald the 18lb the handicapper put between them. He again, however, obtained second honours, having behind him the following winners:—Vasco de Gama, Woodman of Arden, Flash, Zitella, Nasturtium, and Fairy, besides several others. And that there was no little merit in this performance was proved next day by Herald winning the Fourth Nursery Handicap in a canter from a field of four horses. Herald, who hails from the Sister Isle, is got by Laneret out of Nightjar, by Wild Dayrell, and does his sire no little credit, as he is a youngster of fine speed and of such good shape and substance that he is bound to train on. The Shorts Handicap was regarded to be so good a thing for Cock-a-hoop that the Epsom division were content to take 13 to 8 about him, but he proved to be out of form, as he failed to finish among the first three, which comprised Flash, Vasco de Gama, and Libertine. The former, who is by the old Chester Cup winner, Flash in the Pan, out of Lute, by Trumpeter, won easily, as he had a right to do, having a great pull in the weights, receiving 2st 5lb from Vasco de Gama and 14lb from Libertine. In the Innkeepers' Plate, a race for all ages, no fewer than nine two-year-olds ran against Rouen, 5 yrs, and Tommy Tyler, 4 yrs old. The best of them proved to be the Challenger, from the Bedford Lodge stable, who had much the best of it until the last hundred yards, when he gradually died off and was beaten by Rouen by a head. This performance was nevertheless a pretty smart one, as there was only 25lb between them, and the "talent" picked them well, as they took 2 to 1 about the winner, and 7 to 2 about Challenger, these alone being backed "for money." The winner, entered to be sold for 100 guineas, was bought in for 250 guineas, but for which and other sales Mr. Merry would have fared badly, seeing how limited was the company on the two last days of the meeting. The Maiden Plate resulted in the defeat of Leveret by Victorious, which rather astonished those who had seen him run so well on two occasions a fortnight previous at Liverpool. The winner owed his success to being much the fresher of the two, independent of his having improved very considerably since he last ran; and that this son of the Scottish Chief will pay his way well next year, this performance gave promise, as he won very easily.

The principal winners among the older horses, besides Rouen, who won another race on Friday, were Old Fashion, Munden, Wrangler, Day Dream, and Bothwell. The Studley Castle Cup, one mile and a quarter, fell to Old Fashion, who had no difficulty in turning the tables on Vanderdecken, meeting him as she did on many pounds better terms than on Wednesday. The Autumn Cup winner was made the favourite, few noticing how short he went when cantering to the starting post, when he appeared to me to be lame. Be that as it may, he was never formidable at any time, Kelchburne and Hippias alone making any fight of it with Old Fashion, who does no little credit to her sire, D'Estournel, whom I have some idea will make his mark at the stud next year. Munden, the offspring of another sire, as yet but little known to fame—Hanstead, the son of Trumpeter—although one of the "band," won the Flying Stand Cup from Quantock, Day Dream, Mr. Winkle, Newry, Webster, and Beggarman. The running of Mr. Winkle with Day Dream on Tuesday in the Donnington Handicap was regarded to give him such a good chance that he was backed at as little as 9 to 4, while Quantock was held next in favour. Mr. Winkle disappointed his backers just as much as did his stable companion Vanderdecken, as he was very early beaten, and the contest was left between Mr. Pigot's Quantock and Mr. R. Howett's Munden, the latter of whom won by a head. It was "hard lines" for Quantock's owner that he should be beaten by Munden, as it was while Mr. Howett was engaged buying that horse at Newmarket that Mr. Pigot sent him the commission to back Quantock for £300 for the Stand Handicap, won by him, beating Xanthus, Chieftain, Aurore, &c., but which he failed to do owing to reaching the ring too late. Munden won solely from his strength and ability to get through the dirt. The Winding-up Handicap fell to Wrangler, who was not much fancied by his party, as he started at 7 to 1. Buffon, in the Chilton stable, and Lord Wilton's Carmelite were held most in favour, but both were beaten easily, the finish being confined to Wrangler, Scotch Cake, and Woodcut, the former of whom won by a neck. Day Dream took the Bradgate Cup, beating Old Fashion, Belle (late Oxford Mixture) and two others. The winner thus showed her ability to stay a mile, and the performance was a creditable one, as she was giving Old Fashion 17lb and Belle 4lb. The last flat race of 1874, the Welter Handicap on Saturday, had the honour of falling to Bothwell, but the Two Thousand winner had all his work to do to beat Anita by a head, while Buffon, who was the favourite, again disappointed the Chilton stable by running last.

Though the steeple-chases were postponed till Saturday on account of the snow, there was hurdle-racing on both Thursday and Friday. The Handicap on the former day was contested by no fewer than fourteen horses, all of whom proved to be *au fait* to the business from the finished style in which they jumped. After a fine race Tippler won by a length from Blue Beard, who beat Coronet by a neck, while behind the trio were Corregidor, Orator, Faust, Zaccheus, Peerage, and several others. The winner is by Tottenham, who, although a son of Van Galen, is but little known to breeders, but his dam, who is by Underhand out of The

Slayer's Daughter, by Cain, bred Miss Manfield and Thirkleby, both winners. He is very clever over timber, and was well ridden by Killick. Blue Beard, though new to the business, also jumped well, as did Coronet and Peerage. Corregidor cut up badly, as did Faust also. On Friday Minnie Warren, meeting a very bad party for the Selling Hurdle Race, had no difficulty in winning after Stamford fell at the last flight of hurdles. On Saturday, with the exception of the race won by Bothwell and a match, the jumpers had it all to themselves. The Handicap Hurdle Race, one mile and a half, fell to Clonave, who improved by the practice he had on Tuesday in the hurdle-race, and on the following day in the Warwick Steeple-chase, commenced the most successful and fortunate career of any Irish horse for several years. His opponents were Jesuit, Conqueror, Stamford, Sybarite, Cresus, Alexandra, and Minnie Warren, not a very bright party, and as Jesuit was giving Clonave 11lb besides two years, and Conqueror was receiving only 10lb for the two years between them, it was not surprising that he should win easily, particularly as Conqueror fell at the last flight of hurdles. This performance consequently hardly indicated the great success that was so soon to show the steeple-chase world that the "ould country" can yet hold its own in cross-country contests. Thyra, from Mr. Mr. Yates' formidable stable at Bishop Sutton, was opposed by Mayflower, Bayeux, and Rattlesnake for the Maiden Hunters' Stakes, but in the hands of Captain Holyoake she defeated the trio in a canter.

The acceptances for the "Grand Annual" were not very flattering to the handicapper, as only 15 of the 53 horses weighted accepted. The field consequently was not expected to be large, but those who waited specially for the race were hardly prepared to see only five of the 15 that stood in reach the starting-post. But after all so much was to be expected, for with a limited acceptance and the Ring more than half dispersed, there was so little chance of winning a good stake that owners did not care exposing their horses in the face of Croydon and other meetings looming in the future. The starters comprised only Nestor II., Berserker, Scots Grey, Fleuriste, and Tynemouth, the latter of whom was almost new to the business. The form shown by Nestor II. in the hurdle-race on Tuesday was considered sufficiently good to cause the French horse to be backed against the field, although his owner and those connected with him expressed doubts as to his ability to stay the four miles. But though held in such favour, the other runners were not without backers, as 4 to 1 was taken to some money about the old stager, Berserker, the hero of many a hard fought contest, and at 6 to 1 each, some investments were made on the remaining trio. The issue of the race was in favour of Berserker, who won by four lengths from Nestor II., with whom Page waited too long, according to *The Sportsman*, the report in which says:—"His—Page's—effort, however, was made too late, and he could not further improve his position, Berserker going on and finishing four lengths ahead of him, to the chagrin of the backers of Nestor II., who would have won anyhow had his head been loosened after he had got over the water the second time. So annoyed were some people that it was probably only the great reputation enjoyed by Johnny Page that prevented a demonstration as he came in to weigh. His defeat, however, only sprang from an error of judgment that may be excused in one who makes so few." What is implied in these remarks is plain, but Page no doubt knew well enough that, had he ridden Nestor II. any other way, he would have been beaten further. Scots Grey ran well, as he always does, but was not class enough for either Berserker or Nestor II., a remark that also applies to Fleuriste. Tynemouth, though trusted by his owner and the Epsom division, proved not to have had sufficient practice in jumping, as he fell at the first fence, giving Jemmy Adams a very ugly fall, from which he did not escape scathless, having had a couple of teeth knocked out. The Hunt Steeple-chase was an easy affair for Roman Bee, an Irish-bred hunter, the property of Mr. J. Jessop, who, ridden by Mr. Willoughby, beat J. Holman on Despair, by eight lengths, while behind the pair were Capt. Stirling's Blackberry, ridden by the Hon. E. Willoughby, Mr. T. Steven's St. Domingo, ridden by Mr. Thomas, and three others. A match between Mr. Sidney Hobson's Slander, and Mr. J. F. Liebart's Lily Dale, in which the former was successful, brought the last legitimate meeting to a most successful close.

Owing to a happy change in the weather, steeple-chasing and hurdle racing pure and simple commenced at Croydon on Tuesday, and was continued over Wednesday, when another change, quite as sudden, brought a severe frost, which caused the events set for Thursday to be adjourned over to this day (Saturday). The meeting at Woodside, always the most popular of the suburban reunions, was, despite the efforts of Mr. Du Pre Thornton, the head of the league organised for their suppression, just as largely patronised as ever by the owners of horses, as well as by the public generally. Nor was there any falling off in the sport, the fields being numerous, while the contests, if not the most exciting in character, were well sustained. The opening event again showed how well the three-year-olds are now-a-days trained to jump, for it fell to Hilarity, who beat Altesse very easily by a length, receiving 26lb for the two years between them, while behind them were the filly by Monarch out of Baionette, Kinglet, and Parlourmaid, all three-year-olds, besides Bonny Swell, Ruffle and Brunswick, the latter of whom was the favourite. The winner, who is by King Tom out of Nightingale, by Mountain Deer, and was bred by Mr. Cockin, was subsequently bought in very cheap for 65 guineas. The Stewards' Plate was an easy victory for the Irish mare Belle, whom her owner very wisely left in the charge of Jones, at Epsom, after she had won a small race here in the spring. Her opponents were a pretty smart party, as they included Noyre Tauren, Mustapha, Ratecatcher, Jules, and Cerinthus, all of whom she disposed of easily, thus inaugurating a "good day" for the Irish division, who mustered at Woodside in great force, having come over the water intent on winning the Grand National Hurdle-race and the Great Metropolitan Steeple-chase, in which the Irish horses Clonave, Lancet, and Revenge were engaged. The Red-coat Steeple-chase occasioned great interest, the race being confined to gentlemen-riders dressed in hunting costume. A more than usually good field ran for it, as the runners included Marmora, Cardigan, Martini, The Gipsy, &c., while among the riders were Mr. A. Yates, Mr. G. Moore, Mr. Thomas, Mr. G. Goodwin, Mr. R. Walker, Mr. G. Walker, &c. The race fell to Marmora, with Cardigan second, The Gipsy next; and the style in which the trio fenced was brilliant in the extreme, showing what pains must have been taken in their instruction, for it seems only the other day since they were running on the flat. The Maiden Hurdle-race furnished further proof of the jumping ability of the three-year-olds, as it fell to Mimulus, by Marsyas out of Marchioness, whose next attendants were the three-year-olds Cresus and Physician, while among the 11 remaining runners were Desdichado, 3 yrs, Advice, 3 yrs, and Lady Dayrell, 3 yrs. Mimulus won very easily, and entered to be sold for 100 guineas, realised 300 guineas at auction, at which price he was bought in by his owner. The field for the Grand National Hurdle-race was nothing like so numerous as was anticipated, as only 10 of 22 horses that remained in reached the starting-post. France and Ireland were both represented, the former by Coureuse de Nuit, and the Sister Isle by Clonave. The French filly, from

what it was rumoured she could do with Nestor II., was held in most favour, being backed down to 5 to 2, while of the others Lord Colney, Frank, and Palm, were most fancied, and after them Clonave, who had the support of the Irish division, despite his having to put up a 5lb penalty for his Warwick success. After a finely contested race victory declared for the Irish horse, with Frank and Lord Colney next. The winner, who was bred by Sir Walter Nugent at Donore, in the county Westmeath, is by Mainstay out of Crystal, by Crozier out of Violet, a strain of blood that has been in the Nugent family for many years. The concluding race on Tuesday was won by Breach of Promise, beating old David Copperfield and two others so easily that James Nightingall subsequently bought him for 125 guineas. The betting on the Great Metropolitan Steeple-chase during the afternoon was neither heavy nor remarkable for any fluctuations. Hautboy continued in force at 7 to 1, while 9 to 1 each was taken about Marin and Merlin, while 14 to 1 each was taken about Phryne, La Veine, and Clonave, the latter of whom with Revenge was now the hope of the Irish division, consequent on the striking out of Lancelot, owing to his having gone amiss.

On the second day all interest centred in the Great Metropolitan Steeple-chase, but little notice being taken of the three events first set for decision. These fell respectively to the Irish filly, Evening Star, who won the Selling Stakes, and, entered to be sold for 80 guineas, subsequently realised 130 guineas; to Cardigan, who won the Hunters' Steeple-chase from Lucy and three others; and to Sweet Galangale, who won the Woodside Handicap from Breach of Promise, Barcelona, Little Tom, and three others. The latter, who is by Blair Athol out of Hurricane, won easily; Little Tom running so suspiciously, and so differently to what he had done at Warwick, that his jockey, Daniels, was had up before the stewards and "cautioned." The great race now came on the *tapis*, and soon 19 horses were marshalled to the starting-post by Mr. McGeorge, French interests being represented by Marin and La Veine, while Revenge and Clonave did battle for Old Ireland, English interests being supported by Defence, Laburnum, Congress, St. Aubyn, Palm, Hautboy, Jorrock, Silvermere, Dainty, Lacemaker, Derviche, Tynemouth, and Sparrow, as good-looking a field of horses as had ever contended for this great race. The "bright particular stars" were Marin, Hautboy, Defence, Derviche, Congress, Clonave, Merlin, and Tynemouth, but when seen stripped the only change of note in the betting was the decline of Merlin, whose place was taken by his stable-companion, Derviche. Marin was elevated to the premier-ship consequent on Baron Finot's declaration to win with him, and after him Hautboy, Derviche, Phryne, Clonave, Revenge, and Congress were in most demand. The race was run at a tremendous pace, La Veine forcing the running for her stable-companion, Marin, until she had not only settled him, but more than two-thirds of the field. When done herself, she toppled over, leaving Congress, Clonave, Tynemouth, and Derviche alone with a chance. Approaching the last flight of hurdles, only the two former were left in it, and Congress surmounted this obstruction a length in advance of the Irish horse. No sooner, however, had the latter landed safely over the hurdles, which he did to the left of Congress, than the latter bore down on him, and driving him out of his course, Gavin was compelled to stop his horse, and Congress passed the winning chair two lengths in advance of Clonave, Tynemouth being a bad third, with Derviche next. The unfair riding of Mr. Wilson was so palpable that a cry arose to that effect, even in the stands, and on reaching the enclosure Gavin at once objected to Congress, and on the case being gone into before Sir George Chetwynd, Mr. T. V. Morgan, and Mr. F. Rowlands, three of the stewards present, the objection was declared "proven," and the race awarded to Clonave. The excitement attendant on these proceedings was immense, but it was

greatly intensified when Mr. Wilson entered a protest against the decision on the grounds that Sir Charles Rushout, the fourth steward present on the course, should have also joined in hearing the case. And as it is stated that his opinion is the other way, the case will very probably be reheard, but with very little hope of any other decision being arrived at, a more determined case not only of crossing, but jostling, having hardly ever taken place on a race-course. Should the decision remain unaltered, it will be the second time of this great race falling to an Irish horse, as Spatchcock won it in 1864, and it is a great feather in the cap of James Monaghan that both winners were trained by him, and he rode Spatchcock, who, it will be remembered, beat the late Dan Meaney by a head on Sly Fox. Marin greatly disappointed his French partisans, but La Veine ran extremely well, and was going so strong when she came to grief that many supposed she would have at least been placed. Hautboy ran like a non-stayer, as did Merlin also, Derviche, the stable companion of the latter, proving the better of the twain, just as the betting indicated. Laburnum ran ungenerously, which caused him to fall at the brook, and Silvermere closed his racing career by breaking down. Tynemouth proved to be the trusted one of Mr. Nightingall's pair, Shifnal, who is rumoured to be a long way better, having been scratched in the forenoon. The concluding races fell to Chilblain and Don Ricardo. The former, cleverly steered by Lord Marcus Beresford, won the Grand Military Steeple-chase from Scots Grey, Lopez, and another; while Don Ricardo, who is another Irish importation, won the Maiden Steeple-chase.

The frost having set in with great intensity, Thursday's races, as explained above, have been postponed to Saturday, but with little chance of their taking place; while as the Bromley programme has not come to hand, I can give no opinion on the several events set for decision at that popular meeting next week.

BEACON.

THE DEWHURST PLATE.—Mr. Thomas Gee, the proprietor of Dewhurst Lodge and Newmarket breeding studs, has offered 300 sovs. for a new race, to be called the Dewhurst Plate, for two-year-olds, over seven furlongs of the Rowley Mile, to be run on Thursday in the Houghton Meeting, and we are pleased to state that the Jockey Club have definitely accepted the offer.

SALE OF GREYHOUNDS.—On Saturday 12 brace of greyhounds, from the well-known kennel of Mr. T. Lister, Beamsley Hall, Skipton, were sold by auction at Aldridge's Repository, and attracted a large number of coursing men. A litter of 3½ brace of saplings, by Liberty out of Cymbal, produced 267 guineas; and 2 brace of puppies, by Improver out of Charming May, realised 220 guineas; and 2½ brace, by Magnano out of Chameleon, fetched 258 guineas. Mr. Vynar gave 105 guineas for a blue and white bitch. Three brood bitches fetched 570 guineas; Cymbal making 250 guineas. The entire kennel of 24 dogs realised 1524 guineas and averaged 63½ guineas each.

GERMAN WINES.—In this country, where heavy wines have long held undisputed sway, the produce of the Rhenish vineyards has not until lately been called into general use; yet that they are daily increasing in popularity cannot be denied. As the demand for them has increased, so naturally has greater attention been devoted to their growth. To Messrs. Bailey and Co., of King Street, St. James's, is much credit due for the diligence which they have brought to bear upon this particular branch of the wine trade, and who by procuring their wines *direct from the growers* are enabled to supply them pure and unadulterated. When we find that a light, pleasant dinner wine like Laubenheimer can be obtained for 20s. per dozen, or Marcobrunner and Ridesheimer Bischofsberg at 36s. and 46s. per dozen respectively, we are not surprised to find that they are coming into more general use.

AMSTERDAM has, it is said, been sold, but he is still in Caswell's stable at Lewes.

XANTHUS is about to commence his training for hurdle-racing, under Kellow's care, at Wantage.

FAIRY LAND, trained in Winter's stable at Middleham, was ridden to hounds on Monday last.

HIS MAJESTY, the three-year-old brother to Lady Rosebery, was disposed of at Croydon, on Wednesday, for 31 guineas.

THE filly by Anglo-Saxon out of Ada Byron (2 yrs.) was sold at Croydon on Wednesday to Mr. Burton for 140 guineas.

WHISTLER, after running for the Selling Hurdle Race at Warwick on Friday, was given by Mr. Forsythe to John Holman.

BRUNSWICK was claimed for 50 sovs. by Mr. G. Masterman, after performing badly in the opening race at Croydon on Tuesday.

EVENING STAR, after winning the Selling Steeple-chase at Croydon on Wednesday, was sold to Mr. F. G. Hobson for 130 guineas.

THE TESTER.—We hear that The Tester has been turned out of training, and that he has gone to his owner's place, near Birmingham.

LAMBOURNE.—Two of Mr. Merry's horses, Peto and Mozart, have left Peck's stable and joined Humphreys's string at Stork House, Lambourne.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—After winning the Steeple-chase Sweepstakes at Croydon on Tuesday, this horse was sold to Mr. James Nightingall for 220 guineas.

CARDIGAN.—After winning the Hunters' Steeple-chase on Wednesday, this horse was sold to Mr. Kelly for 305 guineas, his selling price being 200 sovs.

CROFT STUP.—The Ranger, the sire of Uhlan, the property of Henry Savile, Esq., will, we understand, be located at the above stud for the ensuing year of 1875.

LAST WORD.—Last week Sir William Throckmorton became the purchaser of Last Word for £1200, with the contingency of another £500 the first time he wins.

SILVERMERE broke down badly while running in the Great Metropolitan Steeple-chase on Wednesday. Sparrow ruptured a blood-vessel while running in the same race.

MR. THOMAS MARSHALL has been compelled by serious illness to relinquish the post of clerk of the course at Oxford, and the committee will meet immediately to appoint a successor.

WOLVERHAMPTON HUNT SPRING MEETING will take place on March 25 and 26, 1875, under the Newmarket and Grand National Hunt Rules. Mr. H. Mason, Newark-upon-Trent, is the clerk of the course.

NOYRE TAUREN, who was bought on Monday last at Tattersall's by his trainer, was started on Tuesday for the Stewards' Steeple-chase at Croydon. But he never had a chance, and was beaten by twenty lengths.

SIR WALTER.—Mr. Gretton has removed his two-year-old colt by Adventurer out of Princess Royal, by Slane, from Kingsclere. Among his other engagements, Sir Walter is nominated by Mr. Gretton for the Two Thousand and Derby.

STOCKINGS, the dam of Quince, Barefoot, and Basnas (the crack two-year-old in Germany), has arrived at Dewhurst Lodge from Denmark to be put to Lord Clifden. Stockings is by Stockwell out of Go-ahead (sister to West Australian), and was formerly in Mr. Thomas Hewett's stud at Gidside Park.

MARDI GRAS.—The objection to Mardi Gras, after winning the Belmont Selling Stakes at Eltham in October last, was on the ground of his being in the Forfeit List. Mr. W. K. Walker took exception to this protest on the specious pretext that the horse was only in default for hurdle-racing. But the stewards have decided that there is but one Forfeit List, that Mardi Gras is consequently disqualified, and that the filly by Bertie out of Andrey, who came in second, gets the stakes.

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Iron, Oct. 31, 1874, says:—"We can recommend this manual on the ground of accuracy and completeness. . . . It has already received the approbation of the general body of English Freemasons."
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SALES BY AUCTION.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 7, the following HORSES, from the Manton Stables:—

JESTER, bay horse, by Lord of the Isles out of The Hoax, by Alarm out of Mabel, by Maple, 6 yrs.
STRUAN, brown horse, by Blair Athol out of Terrific, by Touchstone out of Ghuznee, by Pantaloon, 5 yrs.

JEAMES, chestnut colt, by Cambuscan out of Plush, by Plenipotentiary out of Velveteen, by Sultan, 3 yrs.
DALNAMAINE, chestnut filly, by Thormanby out of Mayonaise, by Teddington out of Pic-nic, by Glancus, 3 yrs.

BAY COLT, by Knowsley out of Teterrima, by Voltigeur out of Ellen Middleton, by Bay Middleton, 3 yrs.

BEGGARMAN, brown colt, by Beadsman out of Frailty, by Stockwell out of Bribery, by The Libel, 3 yrs.
BAY FILLY, by Trumpeter out of Teterrima, by Voltigeur out of Ellen Middleton, by Bay Middleton, 2 yrs.

GLENORCHY, chestnut colt, by Breadalbane out of Intimidation, by Orlando out of Splitvote, by St. Luke, 2 yrs.

DUCELLE, chestnut filly, by Saunterer II. out of Old Maid, by Robert de Gorham out of Governess, by Chatham, 2 yrs.

MISS STRAFFORD, bay filly, by Brother to Trafford out of Mrs. Waller, by King Tom out of Tightfit, by Teddington, 2 yrs.

ROAN FILLY, by Rapid Rhone out of Aunt Sofer, by Nemister, 2 yrs.
CARO, chestnut colt, 3 yrs., by Thormanby out of Carine, by Stockwell out of Mayonaise, by Teddington.

ABINGDON, brown colt, 3 yrs., by Oxford out of Honeymoon, by Corrianna out of Fair Agnes, by Melbourne.

GENTLE ANNIE, brown filly, 2 yrs., by Atherstone out of Gentle Mary, by Longbow out of Gentle Kitty, by Orlando.

DUN HORSE, quiet to ride, a good hack and hunter.
BROOD MARES.

DEVICE, brown mare, by Springy Jack out of Decoy, by Filho da Puta, covered by See Saw.

SCHISM, bay mare, by Surplice out of Latitude, by Langar, covered by See Saw.

GREENWICH FAIR, by Woolwich out of Moodke, by Venison out of Young Defiance, by Saracen, covered by a roan horse by Brother to Bird on the Wing out of Rapid Rhone's dam.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 7, the following BROOD MARES, &c., the property of a Gentleman:—

1. THE WHITE LADY, chestnut mare, by Knight of Avenel out of Mormont, by Iago out of Radical Bess, by Tory Boy, covered by Le Maréchal.

2. EASTON LASS, bay mare (186), by Prime Minister out of Mrs. Roper, by Annadale out of My Lady, by Charles XII., covered by Le Maréchal.

3. YOUNG HOODWINK, chestnut mare (1865), by Knight of Avenel out of Hoodwink, by Backbiter out of Josee (Macaroni's dam), covered by Le Maréchal.

4. FERONIA, bay mare (1863), by Thormanby out of Woodbine, by Stockwell out of Honeysuckle (sister to Newminster). This mare is sister to Violet (dam of Lady Rosebery, &c.), covered by Le Maréchal.

5. ROCKFERRY, chestnut mare (1871), by Brother to Bird on the Wing, dam by West Australian out of Clarissa, by Pantaloon; covered by Le Maréchal.

6. NAMELESS NANNIE, chestnut mare (1871), by a roan horse by Brother to Bird on the Wing out of Meg o' Marley (Christopher Sly's dam), by Mandricardo, covered by Argyle.

LE MARECHAL (sire of Christopher Sly, Elf Knot, Minnie Clyde, &c.), by Monarque out of Lady Lift, by Sir Hercules; nearly all this horse's stock are winners.

The above mares are all believed to be in foal, the four first named had foals this year.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 7, without reserve, the following HORSES, which are all fit to go, and will be hunted up to the time of sale, the property of Captain T. S. Starkey, who is going abroad for the winter:—

1. HUNTSMAN.
2. PALADIN.
3. MISSIE.
4. CHESWARDINE.
5. PICCOTTE.
6. FIREFLY.
7. CORNERSTONE.

8. A good Horse, and quiet in harness.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 7, by order of the Executors of the late Mr. Watt:—

1. THE PET (foaled in 1859), by Daniel O'Rourke, her dam Birthday by Assault out of Nitocris, by Whisker, with a filly foal by Blair Athol, and covered by Scottish Chief.

2. A CHESTNUT YEARLING COLT, by Blair Athol out of The Pet.

Also,
A PAIR OF CARRIAGE HORSES, about 15 hands 2 inches high.
A BROUGHAM, by Rogers, of South Audley Street.
A DOUBLE HARNESS.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 7, by order of the executors of the late Mr. Watt:—

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Also,
A PAIR OF CARRIAGE HORSES, about 15h. 2in.

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2. CHESTNUT YEARLING COLT, by Blair Athol out of The Pet.

Also,
A PAIR OF CARRIAGE HORSES, about 15h. 2in.

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by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 7, the following HORSES, the property of a nobleman:—

1. FRANT } Have been constantly driven together.
2. OWEN }
3. DR. CAIUS, a capital hack, and has been hunted (see "Stud Book").

4. DAIRYMAID, a capital hack, and quiet in harness.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 7, without reserve, great WEIGHT-CARRIERS (fit to go, well known in Hertfordshire and Norfolk), THOROUGH-BREDS, BROOD MARES, STALLION, and powerful COBS:—

CHESTNUT GELDING, by Savernake out of Edith Lovell; very fast, good hack, up to 16 stone.

ACE OF SPADES, by King of Trumps out of Eremit's dam; perfect hunter, winner of steeple-chases, remarkably handsome, and quiet, gets first class stock, up to 16 stone.

LADY LILLIAN, by Lord Clifden out of Pimpernel, by Sweetmeat; a good hack, and winner of races.

ELECTRICITY, by Lozenge out of Spitfire; fast, good hack, untried.

QUEEN MARY, by King John out of Delight; quiet to ride; covered by Ace of Spades.

WERDNA, quiet to ride and drive; covered by Ace of Spades.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER; clever hunter, quiet in harness.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 14, the following HORSES, the property of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton:—

1. COPENHAGEN, brown horse (entire).
2. EXELLER, grey horse (entire), by Newminster out of Eller.

3. AU BAC, 4 years old, by Chevalier d'Industrie; winner of several races abroad.

4. DELAMOTTE, steeple-chase mare; winner of several races.

5. SEA SHELL, by Neptune; winner of several races.

6. SWIFT, 2 years old, by Beadle out of Fleetwing, by Buccaneer.

7. TROTTER, bay horse; warranted to do a mile under three minutes.

8. BAY HUNTER; a good fencer, has carried a lady.
9. BAY COB } 15 hands 1 in. high; quiet in single and
10. BAY COB } double harness, have carried a lady.

11. BAY GELDING } Have been driven in double
12. BAY GELDING } harness.

13. BLACK MARE, 14 hands 1 inch high.
14. BAY MARE.
15. CHESTNUT MARE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL will SELL

by AUCTION, near ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 14, the following good HUNTERS, the property of Viscount Petersham:—

TRAFFORD. } Are good
DASHER } ladies'
MADGE } hunters.
STELLA }
UGLY DUCK }
DUCHESS. }

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have

received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at ALBERT GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, December 21, HUNTERS, HACKS, and HARNESS HORSES, the property of Sir Morgan Crofton, Bart., full particulars of which will appear next week.

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SIREs FOR THE SEASON, 1875.

THE GLASGOW STUD STALLIONS,

for next season, will be LET by MESSRS. TATTERSALL, at ALBERT GATE, on MONDAY, January 11.

May be seen in the meantime at the Stud Farm, near Enfield.
Apply to Mr. GILBERT.
Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

JOSKIN, a brown horse, by West

Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor) out of Gance, by Waxy Pope out of Globe, by Quiz. Joskin is the sire of Chawbacon and Plebeian, and has never had any mares but his owner's.

At twenty guineas, and one guinea the groom.

KING VICTOR, a bay horse, without white (foaled 1864), by Fazzoletto (by Orlando out of Canezon) out of Blue Bell (dam of Suspicion out of Scarf (dam of Cashmere), Belle of Warwick out of Barford, &c.), by Heron. From Heron he gets his great size, measuring 16 hands 2 in. high; 6 ft. 6 in. in girth; 9 in. under the knee; and is related to Fisherman, and is almost the only horse at the Stud descended direct from Heron. His stock are very promising. Va Victis, the only starter this season by him, ran second to Cashmere, and second to Galopin at Ascot.

At ten guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom.

PROMISED LAND, by Jericho out of Glee, by Touchstone; winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and Goodwood Cup.

At five guineas thorough-bred, three guineas half-bred, two guineas farmers' mares, and five shillings the groom.

Highfield Hall is only two miles from St. Albans, on the Barnet road, with 100 loose boxes, and ample accommodation for mares on the 200 acres, 150 of which are pasture on chalk, subsoil, and well watered.

Subscriptions will be taken by Mr. Tattersall, at Albert Gate, on Mr. Nelson's account, for Joskin, and also for King Victor and Promised Land, for thorough-bred mares, and by Mr. Elmer for half-bred mares.

All letters as to meeting mares to be sent to Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans (who lived 10 years with Mr. Blenkiron, and 6 years at Highfield Hall with Mr. Mather).

There are three first-class stations at St. Albans, all within two miles and a half, giving easy accommodation with all parts of England, viz. the Midland, Great Northern, and London and North-Western.

Stallions at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush.

COSTA, by the Baron out of Catherine

Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 in., with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good race-horse at all distances. Has had few mares, but has eight good foals this year.

At ten guineas, and ten shillings the groom.

CLANSMAN, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules. Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Maggie out of Echidna, by Economist. Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides.

At five guineas thorough-bred, at three guineas half-bred mares; and five shillings the groom.

THE CHILD OF THE ISLANDS, a bay Arabian of the highest caste, about 14 hands 3 in., imported last year.

Thorough-bred mares at five guineas.

At Street Farm, Buckland, Reigate.

KING OF THE FOREST; twenty

mares, including his owner's, at 30 guineas a mare and 1 guinea to the groom.

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(OPPOSITE CHANCERY CROSS RAILWAY STATION).

THE ASSOCIATION was established

in OCTOBER, 1873, for the purpose of providing a CO-OPERATIVE STORE devoted exclusively to the supply of WINES, SPIRITS, and LIQUEURS, where there should be given that personal attention to the tastes and wants of customers which had hitherto been found only in the best conducted private establishments. The management is in the hands of a gentleman who retired from partnership in an old-established firm of wine merchants, in order to undertake his present post, and who bestows the same attention upon the tastes of purchasers as can be done in a private business. The advantages of co-operation are not unknown, but the reasons why a Co-operative Wine Store can compete favourably with old-established firms of wine merchants are less understood. They are:—

1. The practice prevails of sending out travellers, who receive salary, commission, and travelling expenses, and also of giving a commission of from 5 to 10 per cent. to salesmen (often gentlemen of good social position), all which must fall on the purchaser.

2. In a private business the loss from bad debts is heavy, whereas in a Co-operative Store payment is made before the purchaser takes possession, and there is absolutely no risk of loss on this score.

3. This prior payment provides to the store an increasing working capital as the turnover increases; whereas every trader knows that as his business grows more and more money is absorbed by his book debts, and a larger capital is needed. The goods are sold at a store, and money paid for them before, in the ordinary course of trade, the wholesale dealer receives payment, and therefore the accession of business provides its own needed capital.

4. The annual payment of 5s. for a ticket, although not felt in the unit, amounts in the aggregate to so large a sum as to contribute substantially towards payment of rent, salaries, &c.

The governing council are issuing tickets to the public entitling them to purchase from the Association on the same terms as to prices and discounts as Shareholders.

All MAX GREGER'S HUNGARIAN WINES

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At 15 per cent. Discount off his Prices to the Public.

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